

The Sketch

No. 1104.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

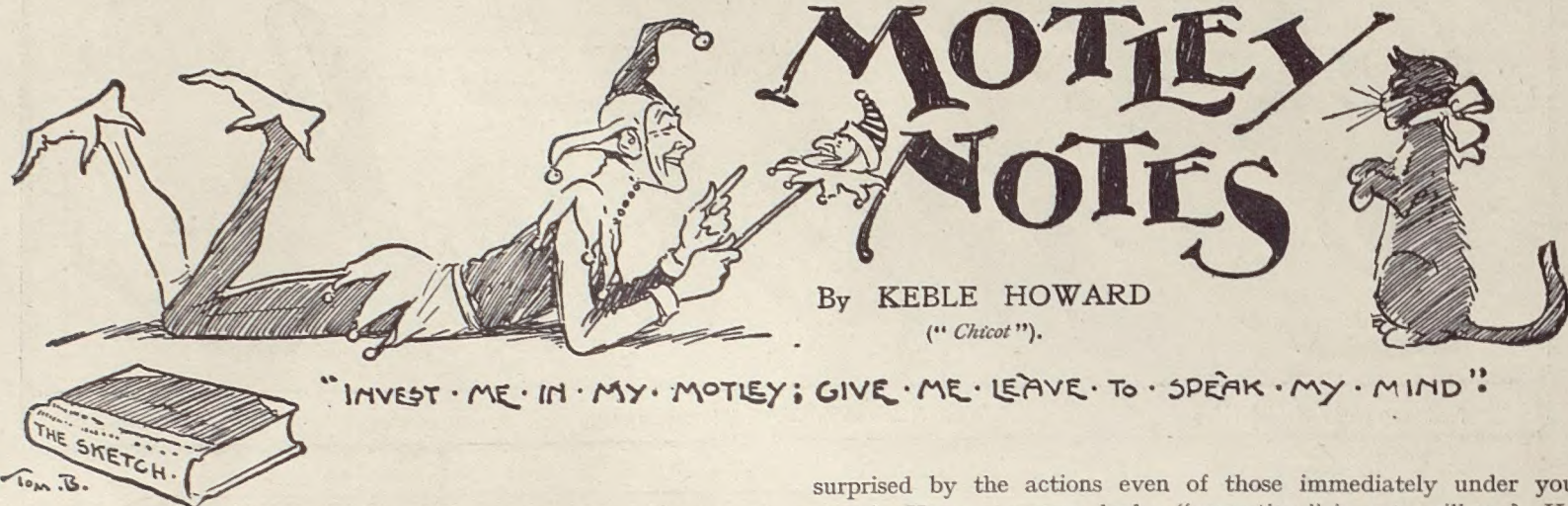


WAITING FOR M. GASTON CALMETTE: MME. CAILLAUX SITTING, PISTOL IN MUFF, IN THE "FIGARO" OFFICE—ABOVE HER A PORTRAIT OF THE MURDERED KING OF GREECE.

The shooting of M. Gaston Calmette, Managing Editor of the "Figaro," by Mme. Caillaux, wife of M. Joseph Caillaux, until just after the crime in question French Minister of Finance, caused, as all our readers must be aware, a great sensation, and, amongst other things, will certainly have a great influence upon the forthcoming General Election in France. Mme. Caillaux arrived at the

office of the "Figaro" at five o'clock in the afternoon. M. Calmette was engaged at that time; so Mme. Caillaux, refusing to give her name, remained in the waiting-room. Just before 6.30 Mme. Caillaux sent her card up to M. Calmette in an envelope. Received at once, she lost no time in acting, and fired five shots in quick succession from a pistol she had carried in her muff.

DRAWN BY SIMONT.



Disadvantages of Motley. The privileges bestowed on the wearer of motley were, I think, rather over-rated by Jaques. "Invest me in my motley—give me leave to speak my mind" sounds well enough, but motley brings with it a good many limitations. Often and often I feel impelled to write on certain topics of the day, and then I remember my motley garb, and forbear. The Jester who touched on serious topics was likely to find himself transferred from the high table to the back-kitchens.

You may remember, friend the reader, a little weekly paper called *To-day*. It was founded and edited by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome soon after he had scored his great successes with "Three Men in a Boat" and "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." I was at school at the time, and used to buy *To-day* in the hope of being made to laugh as "Three Men in a Boat" and "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" had made me laugh. But, to my intense disappointment, Mr. Jerome refused to be funny in his own paper. He would write with passionate earnestness on cruelty to animals, cruelty to children, and kindred topics which were—and, I have no doubt, still are—all-important to him. I could read those articles with the greatest interest now, but boyhood is not the age of keen sympathy with suffering. And so, gradually, I left off buying *To-day*.

Despite this lesson, which I have never forgotten, I like to be serious every now and then. I like, occasionally, to write on serious subjects. I want to touch upon one such subject to-day.

Mme. Caillaux. The papers are full of Mme. Caillaux, and it would be but a torpid imagination to which the thing that she did would make no appeal. It certainly makes a very strong appeal to my imagination. It has made me realise, for example, what the wife of a man who is in a position to be held up to criticism in the public Press feels and, sometimes, suffers. Any man who comes before the public is bound, sooner or later, to get his share of adverse criticism. No public man has ever escaped it, and, the more prominent the man, the more criticism he calls forth, just as the strongest swimmer against the stream creates the biggest ripples. (A straw, floating down-stream, creates no ripples.)

And so, as the years go by, every public man who has any grit in him at all becomes more or less hardened to criticism. His philosophy teaches him that adverse criticism is, in its way, a tribute to the strength of his personality. He knows that criticism cannot kill—that his business in life is not with criticism, but with the work that lies to his hand.

But his wife? Here you have a very different matter. The criticism that leaves the man merely bored or amused may have a real effect on his wife. The vicious little cuts that cannot wound him sear her more tender flesh. Think of the matter in this way, friend the reader, and it will help you to understand, though you will almost certainly condemn, the action of Mme. Caillaux.

"Only in France." We all know the saying, "That could have happened only in France." I wonder how often that has been said, that trite thing, since Mme. Caillaux fired those fatal shots? I can hear it tripping from the tongues of thousands of dear, stolid, stupid Englishmen. "These French people are so highly strung. You never know what they will do next."

And the English people—are you always quite certain, dear Mr. Hodge, of what they will do next? Have you never been

surprised by the actions even of those immediately under your nose? Have you never had a "sensation" in your village? Has no quiet, ordinary, church-going, smiling, easy, conventional, timid, respectful neighbour ever staggered you, for the moment, out of your seven senses? Have you never been heard to use that other favourite phrase of the English, "I could never have believed it"?

"I could never have believed it"—what a lovely Anglicism! How it sums up our national unimaginativeness! Yet imagination is a catching thing, and we see more of the French to-day than we did when Farmer Hodge was a young man. As our daily Press grows more tyrannical, so the under-current of feeling may be swelling. It is easy to say one hopes there is no Mme. Caillaux in England; is it so easy to believe?

Pulling the Theatre About.

Poor old London Theatre! You are always being pulled about, twisted this way and that, forced into a round hole when you will never fit anything but a square one, and generally bothered.

The latest idea is to start the performance at five o'clock and finish at eight. My prediction—for what it is worth—is that this will not be a success. There are three things that every civilised man wants to do, and is in the habit of doing, when he has finished his work for the day. The first thing he wants to do is to wash himself; this applies to all classes. The second thing he wants to do is to make some change in his clothing, even if it is only to change his boots and his coat; this applies to all classes. And the third thing he wants to do is to sit in a comfortable chair and have a drink; this applies to all classes.

The five o'clock theatre, therefore, must do without the head of the family. This would not matter much if the English were not a domesticated nation—but they are. The family party, whether of two or more, is the main stand-by of the theatre, and no play ever has a very long run in London that makes no appeal to the family party. The managers who discover this—generally by accident—are the managers who retire with unwieldy fortunes.

Still, all my good wishes are with the manager of the five o'clock theatre.

"Who is to Pay More Taxes?" This is the question asked by the correspondent of a daily paper. "There is some talk," he writes, "of graduating the income-tax downwards. No reform of taxation is more urgent than a reform of the details of income-tax assessment. At present the tax falls with unfair hardship upon those with incomes in the lower ranges, and lets off those at the top most lightly. The machinery of the super-tax is now working, and by graduating the amount of the tax from £5000 a year upwards it would be easily possible to treble the yield of this tax. This increased taxation would fall upon persons well able to bear it. If they had to reduce their expenditure a little it would be upon luxuries and waste."

I have not the slightest objection to the rich being taxed. Indeed, it seems to me a very excellent idea to tax the rich and to take something off the professional man who is dependent upon his own efforts for his income. Artistic folk have a real grievance in this matter of income-tax. If a grocer, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a parson, or a tradesman of any sort, or a soldier, or a sailor, or any Government official—if any such person is ill or on holiday, other people do his work and his income still comes in. But if the artist, or the writer, or the actor, or the singer is ill or on holiday, his income ceases abruptly until he is well again or chooses to return from his holiday.

On behalf of my brother-workers, I commend this point to the attention of Mr. Lloyd George.

ALL FROM OVER SEAS: THE NEW FULL BLUES OF OXFORD.

"SKETCH" readers will no doubt remember that, towards the end of last year, a good deal of controversy arose as to those resolutions of the Oxford University Athletic Club which will prevent men who come from other Universities and similar institutions from competing at the Freshmen's Sports, and men over twenty-four years of age from competing in O.U.A.C. Sports, the idea being to make it impossible for the whole of the races at Oxford to be won by experienced runners competing against boys fresh from school. The new resolutions, which were discussed as far back as 1911, come into operation in October of this year. Mr. C. Nugent Jackson, Treasurer of the O.U.A.C., has said that he does not think that the new move will be in any way unfair to the Rhodes Scholars, saying that many of them come to the University at the age of twenty-two,

(Continued opposite.)



MR. J. J. SAVAGE (PERTH, AUSTRALIA AND BRASENOSE).

(Continued.) and so have two years in which to compete. Mr. Jackson also expressed the opinion that, if the present conditions had been allowed to continue much longer, the O.U.A.C. would soon have ceased to exist. Amongst those in support is Lord Desborough, who wired some time ago: "Approve of age-limit for University and Inter-University Sports. Not fair to run four-year-olds against three-year-olds." In this connection it may be noted that, at the second instalment of the recent Oxford University Sports, Rhodes Scholars won all the six events, and one of them, Mr. G. M. Sproule, of Melbourne, broke the track record for three miles, which he covered in 14 min. 55 sec. The other day it was announced in connection with the forthcoming Inter-University Sports that the O.U.A.C. had awarded six full Blues, all of them to men from over-seas — those, in

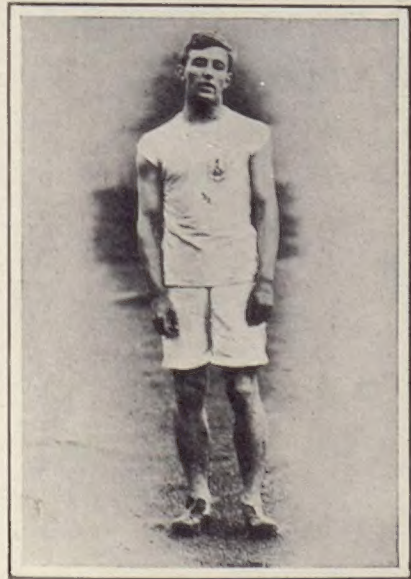
(Continued below.)



MR. E. T. ADAMS (BAYLOR UNIVERSITY, TEXAS; AND WORCESTER).



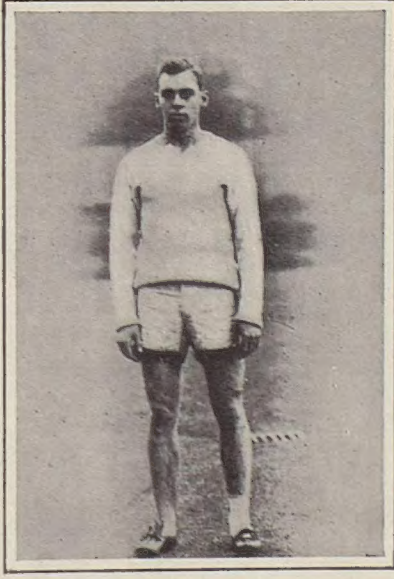
MR. G. M. SPROULE (MELBOURNE; AND BALLIOL).



MR. B. G. D. RUDD (ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, SOUTH AFRICA; AND TRINITY).



MR. V. B. HAVENS (RUTGERS COLLEGE, NEW JERSEY; AND CHRIST CHURCH).



MR. N. S. TABER (BROWN UNIVERSITY, RHODE ISLAND; AND ST. JOHN'S).

(Continued.) fact, whose portraits are given on this page. Mr. Havens is first string for the hundred yards and for the 120-yards hurdles; Mr. Rudd is first string for the quarter-mile;

Mr. Taber, for the half-mile; Mr. Sproule, for the three miles; Mr. Adams, for putting the weight and for throwing the hammer; and Mr. Savage, for the long jump.

THE CREWS CARICATURED: TONY SARG ON THE BLUES.



OXFORD.

It is generally accepted that "Sketch" readers have acquired the reading from left to right habit! In the case of this drawing they must break away from this; for we name the crews from the right top corner round to the foreground and show the cox as the central figure. The names are A. F. R. Wiggins (Eton and New College), 6; B. Burdekin (Cheltenham and New College), 2; F. A. H.

Pitman (Eton and New College), stroke; H. K. Ward (New South Wales and New College), 3; R. W. Fletcher (Eton and Balliol), bow; G. W. Titherington (Radley and Queen's), 7; E. D. Horsfall (Eton and Magdalen), 4; J. B. Kindersley (Clifton and Exeter), 5; and, in the centre, H. B. Wells (Winchester and Magdalen), cox. The old Blues are Ward, Horsfall, Wiggins, Wells, and Pitman.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

THE CREWS CARICATURED: TONY SARG ON THE BLUES.



CAMBRIDGE.

In this case the names read from the left top corner round to the foreground, and the cox is again the central figure. The names are: S. E. Swann (Rugby and Trinity Hall), 2; K. G. Garnett (St. Paul's and First Trinity), 5; D. I. Day (Repton and Lady Margaret), bow; C. E. V. Buxton (Eton and Third Trinity), 7; J. A. Ritson (Rugby and First Trinity) 4; P. C. Livingston (Vancouver and

Jesus), 3; G. E. Tower (Eton and Third Trinity), stroke; C. S. Clark (Bedford and Pembroke), 6; and, in the centre, L. E. Ridley (Eastbourne and Jesus), cox. The old Blues are Swann, Buxton, Tower, Clark, and Ridley. The spare man is A. A. Swann (Rugby and Trinity Hall). The Boat Race will be rowed on Saturday next, March 28, at 2.30 p.m.

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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A LOVE-STORY OF MISUNDERSTANDING.

"The Purple
Mists."

By F. E. MILLS YOUNG.

(The Bodley Head.)

There is one relation between the sexes which seems eternally attractive to women. Cite a novel largely devoted to mutual, and what looks like wilful, misunderstanding of love between a man and a woman, who love each other to distraction, and you have surely cited a novel written by a woman. Burnings, yearnings, and tragedies (but no, not tragedies: there is always the last page to avert them) which one word, one natural and almost inevitable word, could at any moment have settled rapturously, harrow the sympathetic reader without mercy. It is a reflection of interest that women, so intuitive, so sensitive, and so psychic as they undoubtedly are, should revel in these peculiar rough spots along the road of love. There is one thing which calls to a woman's perception more clearly than all others: the fact of a man's love for her. Rather than ignore it, she is even much more likely to imagine it; and yet we get love-stories without end where the leading motif is not only the man's crass blindness on this point, but the woman's also. Naturally, the more strange and irregular the mating, the greater likelihood of such possibilities arising. And Miss Mills Young gives her heroine, so fatally misunderstanding and misunderstood, a very unusual wooing. An enthusiastic young doctor, with an epidemic of typhoid on his hands, needed help. A patient in whom he was much interested was dying for want of proper nursing. A beautiful young woman who lived on a farm a few miles across the veldt (this is a South African story) offered her services. She was not a professional nurse, and the doctor settled his debt of gratitude to her by saving her reputation with a special license. Needless to say, he was much impressed with her beauty also. Afterwards, at Cape Town, all the trouble began, and it grew desperate; but, for comfort to the tender-hearted, there is always the last page. The purple mists and flaming sunsets of the Karoo, the girl's odd name (Euretta, which she explains to mean the north wind), and the pretty fancies of its signification about her elusive personality, are of the machine-made order. So are her beauty, her lovers, and her troubles. The one incident which is really off the lines is the arrival of the baby two years and more after their fantastic marriage.

Admirers of the works of Mr. Maurice Hewlett will have noted with joy that five more of his books have been added to Messrs. Macmillan's dainty little Sevenpenny Series. "The Forest Lovers" and "The Stooping Lady" have for some time been obtainable in that form. Now we have also "Richard Yea-and-Nay," "The Queen's Quair," "Little Novels of Italy," "Halfway House" and "Open Country." They are bound in light-blue cloth, in pocket size, and each is illustrated with a frontispiece. It is safe to say that these charming little books will attract large reinforcements to the legion of Mr. Hewlett's readers.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published Photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



THE CLUBMAN

NAPOLEON'S HOMES AT ST. HELENA AND ELBA: THE WATERLOO CENTENARY: GERMAN DUELS.

Longwood. The French Government, I am glad to read, is going to put Longwood—the scene of Napoleon's tragic captivity at St. Helena—into proper repair, and it will be kept as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was when the great ex-Emperor breathed his last there. It seems strange that the French—who are so proud of the Pantheon and the Emperor's tomb, and to whom, whatever their politics may be, the Corsican is still a demigod—should have allowed the house where the great soldier and great ruler breathed his last, and which is French property, to fall into a state of hopeless disrepair, cows being stabled in Napoleon's bedroom.

An Insufficient Grant. When Napoleon III. was on the throne, he purchased the house and handed it over to his Government, and there is annually in the French Budget a grant of £360 for its upkeep and the salary of a custodian. The number of Frenchmen who go to St. Helena in the course of a year must be extremely limited, and it has been no one's business to see how the money is spent; and though one would have imagined that the sum voted was amply sufficient to keep a one-storeyed little house in good repair, and to pay the salary of a custodian, it has not sufficed. Someone has shaken up the French Government on the subject, and before the anniversary of Napoleon's second abdication and his exile to the island off the coast of Africa comes round Longwood will be itself again. Its furniture, however, has been scattered all over the habitable world, for I have seen tables and chairs said to have come from Napoleon's last residence in such widely separated places as Ramsgate and St. Petersburg.

Napoleon's Other Place of Banishment. Napoleon's other country house of banishment—San Martino, on the Island of Elba—is more get-at-able, and has been better preserved. It was at the Palace of the Mulini that Napoleon made his headquarters in the island, but at San Martino was his favourite country house, and it is there that the English and American, the Germans and Italians, make their pilgrimages to see the rooms in which the Emperor lived. The Prince Demidoff, who bought the property, married the Princess Matilde Bonaparte, and he carefully preserved the traces which were left of Napoleon's stay in the house; but his successors rather over-did the redecoration of the villa, making one room into an Egyptian room, and leaving only Napoleon's bath-room just as it was.



LOOKING LIKE A STAGE MISSIONARY AND A "SPORT"! CHINESE IN EUROPEAN DRESS IN PEKING.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

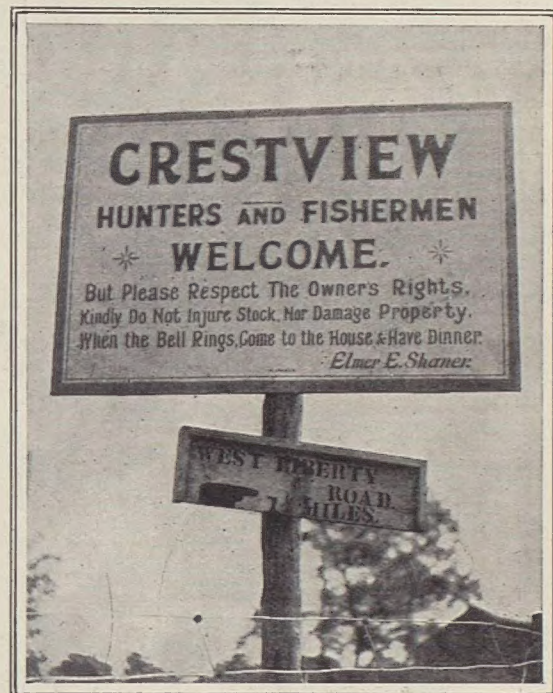
of the celebration of the centenary of Waterloo, I have not as yet read or heard that the nation at large is to be asked to celebrate in some fitting manner the battle which freed Europe for ever from the domination of the great Corsican. With the inception

of the fund which is to be raised to keep away from the Field of Waterloo the speculative builder, who already threatens it, I keenly sympathise, but it seems to me that something on a far larger scale should be done, and should be done, if possible, in collaboration with our friends the French and Germans and Belgians. The acquisition of the field of battle, which is not a very large one, and the erection of a really fine memorial to all the soldiers who took part in the great battle, would, to my mind, be a really fitting way of commemorating this centenary. I should like, on the Field of Waterloo, to be able to see statues not only of the British Generals, but of the gallant Frenchmen who led the final desperate charges against the British squares; of determined old Blucher, who made his men do superhuman work in pulling the guns through the mire of the valleys, so as to keep his word to Wellington; and of grim Cambronne, who shouted back to the British Staff Officer who called on him to surrender the memorable insult which the French to-day rank higher than the most impassioned oration ever delivered on a stricken field.

Duelling in the German Army. The German Minister of War, General von Falkenhayn, has said in the Reichstag all that can be said in favour of duelling in the army. It is no longer left to the man who considers himself insulted and to the man whom he believes to have insulted him to instruct their seconds, and to make the duel a necessarily fatal one if they feel that one or the other must quit this earth. A Court of Honour of senior officers sit on the case, and decide in the first place whether it is necessary that a duel shall be fought at all, and, if so, what the conditions shall be.

The Haage and von Lavalette St. George Duel. The duel in question was between Lieutenants Haage and von Lavalette St George, both of the 9th Regiment, quartered at Metz, in which Lieutenant Haage was killed. Lieutenant Haage, who believed that his wife had been insulted at a masked ball by his brother-officer, challenged him to a pistol duel, and named conditions which meant the death of one or the other combatant. The Court of Honour modified the conditions, but this did not prevent a fatal result, the challenger being killed.

An Old Duelling Tale. General von Falkenhayn did not advance in his defence of duelling the plea that it is a very salutary check on bad manners, but he might reasonably have done so. Sometimes the threat of a duel sufficed, as in the case of the officers of a cavalry regiment who considered that the son of a snuff-maker should not have been gazetted to them as an ensign. They used to have violent fits of sneezing whenever the young officer came into a room. He determined to bring matters to a point, and one evening at mess, when the subalterns were all seized by a violent fit of sneezing, he remarked that the cause of this was probably because they took bad snuff, and sent his snuff-box to them by a mess-waiter. The first of his persecutors who opened it found that it contained a pistol-bullet. The mess took the hint.



"WHEN THE BELL RINGS, COME TO THE HOUSE AND HAVE DINNER": AN AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S NOTICE ON HIS "PRESERVES."

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MRS. HART DAVIES—FOR EMULATING THE "OLD PERSON OF ANERLEY" AND HAVING CAUSE TO BELIEVE THAT "PIGS MIGHT FLY."

Mrs. Hart Davies "looped the loop" as passenger with Mr. Hamel at Hendon the other day. Two little black pigs also performed the feat, at the suggestion, it is said, of Lady Diana Manners. The "old person of Anerley," in Edward Lear's "Limerick," "rushed down the Strand With a pig in each hand."—Mrs. Mary Inge, of Thorpe Hall, Staffordshire, who succeeds Mr. Wilfred Loder



MRS. MARY INGE—FOR DEMONSTRATING THE FACT THAT WOMAN CAN BE "MASTER" WITHOUT WEARING THE BREEKS.

as Master of the Atherstone Hounds, is the first lady Master the Atherstone have had.—Mr. Guy Francis Laking, Keeper of the London Museum, organised the removal of the collections from Kensington Palace to Stafford House, where he showed them to the King and Queen on Friday. "Stafford House Fridays" were famous social gatherings when Millicent Duchess of Sutherland was mistress there.



MR. GUY FRANCIS LAKING—FOR STARTING A NEW SERIES OF STAFFORD HOUSE FRIDAYS UNDER VERY FAVOURABLE AUSPICES.

Photographs by L.N.A., Sport and General, and Lafayette.



MRS. ALAN PARSONS—FOR ADDING A NEW BRANCH TO THE FLOURISHING FAMILY TREE.

Mrs. Alan Parsons, formerly Miss Viola Tree, Sir Herbert Tree's eldest daughter, recently gave birth to a son. She married Mr. Alan Parsons in 1912.—In the match for the World's Tennis Championship at Philadelphia, Mr. Jay Gould beat G. F. Covey (the holder) by 7 sets to 1.—Mr. Alfred Butt, the managing-director



MR. JAY GOULD—FOR BEING A JAY THAT CAN PUT A WHOLE COVEY TO FLIGHT.



MR. ALFRED BUTT—FOR NOT BEING CONTENT WITH A PALACE, BUT GETTING AN EMPIRE TOO.

of the Palace Theatre, was recently appointed managing-director of the Empire.—Mrs. C. Brackett Bishop, of Chicago, is collecting babies from all parts of the world to be brought up together. Her idea is to prove that blood does not tell and that with equal opportunities all will develop alike.



MRS. C. BRACKETT BISHOP—FOR THINKING ALL SHOULD BE BRACKETED IN THE HUMAN RACE.

Photographs by Dover Street Studios, Topical, Hoppé, and International News Service.



M. CALMANN—FOR BELIEVING IF ANY-ONE COULD WIN HIM THE GRAND PRIX, ROBINSON WAS THE BOY TO DO SO.

M. Michel Calmann's horse, D'Espagne II. (Robinson up), won the Grand Prix at the Nice Races.—The Final for the Billiards Championship between M. Inman (the holder) and T. Reece, at the Holborn Hall, has been followed with close



INMAN AND REECE—FOR BEING VERY LITTLE OUT OF POCKET IN SPITE OF THEIR NUMEROUS LOSING HAZARDS, AND MAKING BIG BREAKS WITHOUT BEING BROKE.

interest.—While motoring from Cannes to Nice with Mr. A. F. Wilding to play in the final of the Lawn-Tennis Tournament, Mr. Balfour was struck in the face by a stone. He returned to London on receiving a wire from Mr. Bonar Law.



MR. BALFOUR—FOR NOT NEEDING AVILION (LIKE KING ARTHUR) TO HEAL HIS GRIEVOUS WOUND

Photographs by Navello, Sport and General, and C.N.

SOCIETY AND THE 'CHASERS: "SNAPS" AT TWO MEETINGS.



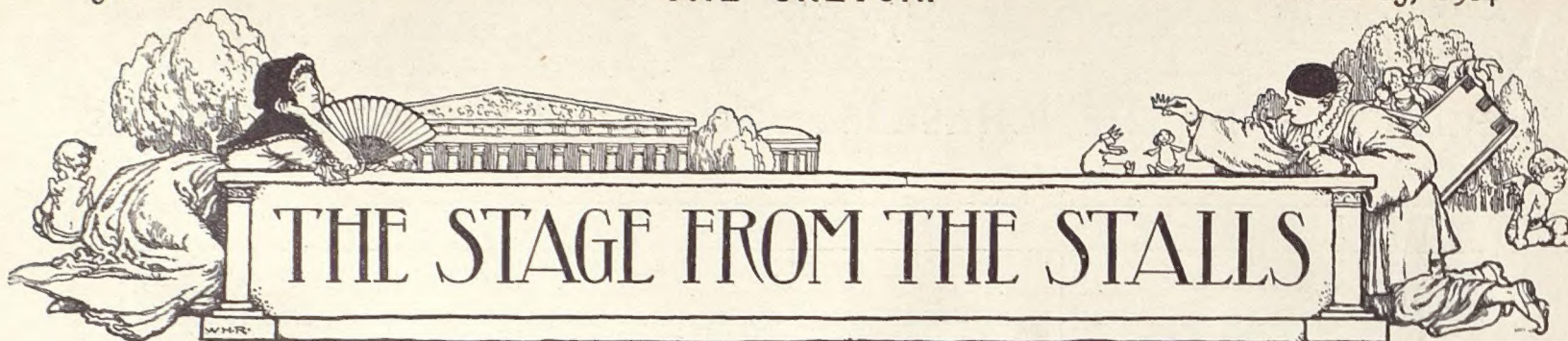
1. LADY NORAH HASTINGS AT THE GRAND MILITARY AND NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES, NEAR DUNCHURCH.
2. MR. HAROLD LOWTHER, BROTHER OF THE SPEAKER; AND MRS. FITZGERALD, WIFE OF COLONEL FITZGERALD, AT THE VALE OF AYLESBURY HUNT STEEPLECHASES.
3. LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON, AT DUNCHURCH.
4. THE HON. LIONEL ROTHSCHILD, ELDER SON OF LORD ROTHSCHILD; LADY VICTORIA STANLEY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD DERBY;

The Grand Military and the North Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held last week, near Dunchurch. The Vale of Aylesbury Hunt Steeplechases, held

LORD ANNALY; MRS. LEOPOLD ROTHSCHILD; THE HON. LUCIA WHITE, DAUGHTER OF LORD ANNALY; AND LADY IRIS CAPELL, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ESSEX, AT AYLESBURY. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)

5. LADY DALMENY; THE EARL OF ORKNEY; MR. SELBY LOWNDES; AND THE EARL OF ESSEX, AT AYLESBURY. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)
6. MR. HARTIGAN; MRS. LEOPOLD ROTHSCHILD; AND THE COUNTESS OF DERBY, AT AYLESBURY. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)
7. MARQUESS CAMDEN; MARCHIONESS CAMDEN; AND MRS. ARTHUR JAMES, AT THE GRAND MILITARY STEEPLECHASES.

in conjunction with Lord Rothschild's, the Whaddon Chase, Bicester, Old Berkeley, and South Oxfordshire Hunts, took place at Aylesbury on the same day.—[Photographs by Topical.]



A TRAGEDY OF TEA AND INTESTACY: A CANADIAN "TAMING OF THE SHREW."

High Tea and Drama.

town-crier (I wonder if we have any mumbling person with a bell and "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" in the Metropolis), and the *London Gazette*,



IN HIS WEDDING GARMENTS: FRANK TAYLOR (MR. GODFREY TEARLE).

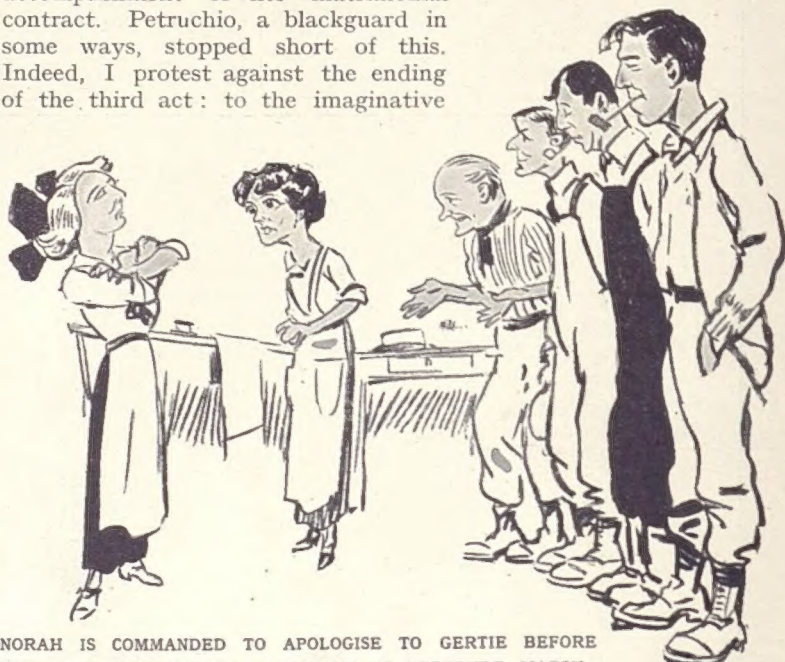
CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

and the penny *Times*, of my intention to abandon a blameless life and to become "one of the worst," to embark on a career of crime which would put to shame all the malefactors of history, including Mr. Lloyd George—see Unionist papers—in order to make certain of not getting a ticket to the Promised Land. According to Mr. Maugham, "The Land of Promise" is the agricultural portion of Canada, where they drink strong tea with every meal. It is an interesting fact that Canada and Australia drink tea with all their meals, and much depends on this. As a profound observer of human life, I have come to the conclusion that the present state of rampant luxury, mad extravagance, and almost ferocious frivolity in England is due to the abandonment of high tea. The gentle reader, like Maria, the charming maid of the beautiful Countess Olivia, may say, "make that good." Well, tea taken with meat causes indigestion, indigestion breeds melancholy, melancholy induces people to take a super-serious view of life; and since their bodily health is endangered, makes them worry about the welfare of their souls. In our days the upper middle-classes have abandoned high tea for digestible luxury, hence an extravagance and gaiety of life that would have frightened the sober early-Victorians out of their wits. Norah Marsh, during her ten years as companion to a rich, querulous old maid, no doubt found tea a gentle, stimulative friend, eschewing it at meals after breakfast, and, perhaps, even then, taking what she regarded as coffee. Her mistress died, failing to make a promised will in favour of Norah; so the unhappy young woman was forced over to Canada, to a farm in Manitoba, where tea got on her nerves. A vast number of tragedies are due to the fact that people put off the ugly task of making a will; thousands die every year causing misery and defeating their own wishes by delaying the matter. The play has a charming first act, rich in delicate humour. It is interesting to compare Mr. Maugham's comedy of the reading of the will with a similar scene in "Money" (the famous comedy of "Mr. Bulwig") now fortunately dead. A comparison of the two—the Lytton drama and Mr. Maugham's play—shows what a great advance there has been in a short time.

Life in Canada.

In Manitoba poor Norah found herself on a farm where they wrestled with stubborn Nature and drank tea. Mr. Maugham's clever, vigorous study of the wrestlers has put me out of the ambition to till the soil. Let others till, and I will write instead, though not half as well as Mr. Maugham. We had a thrilling picture of the English gentlewoman, a rather spit-fire person, amongst the rugged

hewers of wood and drawers of water, and found her repugnant to the female of the agricultural species; hence humiliation and a foolish jump from the frying-pan into matrimony. An extremely clever, bustling, strongly dramatic act. Alas! poor Norah, she married a young farmer, fancying, perhaps, that his struggles with raw Nature might have made him one of her gentlemen, which was not the case. He was a mere brute, who set to work like a brute to subjugate his vixenish wife. It would be childish to suggest in a slighting way that Mr. Maugham's version of "The Taming of the Shrew" is in any sense a plagiarism: he handles his matter originally and with a sincerity hardly exhibited by Shakespeare. For the husband, by threat of brute strength, forces upon his wife the accomplishment of her matrimonial contract. Petruchio, a blackguard in some ways, stopped short of this. Indeed, I protest against the ending of the third act: to the imaginative



NORAH IS COMMANDED TO APOLOGISE TO GERTIE BEFORE THE MEN: MISS MARION ASHWORTH AS GERTRUDE MARSH; MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS NORAH; MR. C. V. FRANCE AS EDWARD MARSH; MR. BASIL S. FOSTER AS REGINALD HORNBY; MR. GEORGE TULLY AS BENJAMIN TROTTER; AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS FRANK TAYLOR.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

the thought of what follows is too awful. Critics howled at the torture scene in "La Tosca," declaring it to be over-horrible for art; to me it is nothing when compared with the idea of the third entr'acte in "The Land of Promise." Moreover, I think it absurd to imagine that the woman ever forgave the man. We are even asked to believe that she came to love him. I do not believe this—I should not like to do so.

The Acting.

A brilliant performance by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as Norah, and powerful acting by Mr. Godfrey Tearle, in the part of the husband: a quiet, clever study of an expatriated Englishman given by Mr. C. V. France. Miss Marion Ashworth, a newcomer, played extremely well as the Englishman's shrewish wife; the excellent work of Mr. Athol Stewart, Miss Netta Westcott, and Miss Lena Halliday in the first act.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



NORAH FINDS SHE HAS BEEN LEFT—WITHOUT A LEGACY: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS NORAH; MR. ATHOL STEWART AS JAMES WICKHAM; MISS NETTA WESTCOTT AS DOROTHY WICKHAM; AND MR. CHARLES GOODWIN AS THE SOLICITOR.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



THE WEDDING EVE IN "THE LAND OF PROMISE": MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS NORAH, AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS FRANK TAYLOR.

"The Land of Promise" is by Mr. Somerset Maugham. The first act is set in Tunbridge Wells; the other acts are set in Canada.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

LORD CHARLES has returned to the front. Until his outburst the other night in the House it had almost seemed as if his fighting days were waning. At a time when "Freddie" Smith has mounted a charger, and other youthful champions espoused the cause of Ulster, the veterans are apt to fall somewhat to the rear. But is Lord Charles ever really behindhand? The way in which he rushed into the breach when Winston yawned last Wednesday—the way in which he fell upon the First Lord's gaping indiscretion—was worthy of the "Condor" Beresford of old.

The Familiar Figure. It had been my intention to picture on this page the Lord Charles Beresford of these

later years, and to leave that familiar hero, "Condor" Beresford, on his well-established pedestal. He fills the pages of juvenile books; he is one of the stock romances of the *Boy's Own Paper*. His exploits, as well as his speeches, are in "Hansard," for both Houses passed votes of thanks to him after his services in the Soudan. His dashing conduct at the bombardment of Alexandria, his gallantry at Metemmeh, the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson's party, and the repairing of the *Safia's* boilers under fire, the saving of life on three occasions with conspicuous bravery—these and other details that make up the career of the most prominent naval officer of his day are well known.

A Caroline Chestnut. But it is not easy, wherever you take him, to avoid the familiar anecdotes, for his popularity as a landsman has equalled his popularity as a sailor. There are many stories of Lord Charles out of his uniform as of Lord Charles in it. Indeed, if one had to name the most persistent chestnut, it would be the tale of a broken dinner engagement. "Can't turn up," he is reported to have wired at the last moment to the late King (when Prince of Wales); "usual lie follows by post."

Winston's Version. It goes without saying that the lie never did follow. A dashing leader, he is also a dashing talker. The premeditated wriggle, even by post, would be a sheer impossibility for a man of his impetuous vocabulary. Even Winston, his boldest detractor, does not accuse him of stopping to think out his sentences, or of stopping to think out anything. Lord Charles is one of those orators, the First Lord has said, of whom it must be believed that before they get up they do not know what they are going to say, when they are speaking they do not know what they are saying, and when they sit down they do not know what they have said.

The "Bitter Animosities."

Even Winston acknowledges the genial manner. "Under a genial manner—and I must warn the House as to this," said Mr. Churchill on one famous occasion—"the noble Lord nourishes many bitter animosities on naval matters." The House knows the genial manner too well to take the warning very seriously. The "bitter animosities," to give them their portentous Parliamentary disguise, may surely be pardoned. Where is the old Tory Admiral, whose experience of ships and the sea covers more than fifty years, and whose experience of politics began, not only before Winston laid hold of the business end of a feeding-bottle, but, to be strictly accurate, six months before Winston was born—where is the Tory

Admiral who would not feel his temper to be sorely tried by a self-assured Liberal chief, still in the thirties, who goes flying upside down all over the fleet, who pours oil into the stoke-holds, alters pay and *personnel*, and even shifts the buttons of the able seamen?

The Turf and Elsewhere.

Lord Charles cuts a great figure, both in the cocked hat of his old calling and in the felt that he learned to tilt under the eye of the Prince of Wales in 1875. In that year he went to India with the Prince, and continued to be one of Edward the Seventh's most confidential friends till the end. On the Turf his geniality has never been impeached. His good-humour has carried him through the thousand difficulties into which his good spirits have led him. It saved him from disaster even in those reckless days when a favourite evening amusement was to connect the knockers of Berkeley Square and the back of a hansom-cab with a stout rope and a sailor's knot, and then whip up the horse; it nearly landed him, after a career of practical jokes, into accepting the offer of the Commissioner-ship of Police in London—an appointment offered him at the resignation of Sir Edward Bradford.

The Handy Man. He did not join the men in blue; he kept to the blue waters. But he could have accepted any post, done anything, without materially affecting the public imagination. He might even have become Home Secretary without prejudicing his popularity; or held the See of Canterbury without convincing England at

large that he was not the same rollicking Charlie Beresford, the man who always seemed to be in the thick of affairs, whether at Court, in the Commons, or in Clubland; who could cope with every sort of work as it came to hand, or, as he once explained to a host who had to offer him a pillow and a billiard-table, could "sleep on a clothes-line."



ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., M.P.

Lord Charles Beresford, who told the House of Commons the other day that he was fighting for a reform on the lower deck, trying to get men made officers, when the present First Lord of the Admiralty was at the business end of a feeding-bottle, is a son of the fourth Marquess of Waterford and a great-uncle of the present holder of the title. He was born on Feb. 10, 1846, and entered the Navy in 1859. He retired from the Service in 1911. His action aboard the "Condor," at the bombardment of Alexandria, in 1882, is familiar to all. He has held numerous important positions on land and sea. He has been M.P. for Waterford County, for the East Division of Marylebone, for York City, for Woolwich, and is M.P. for Portsmouth. He served on Lord Wolseley's staff in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5; has been Junior Lord of the Admiralty; commanded the Steam Reserve for a period; was a Naval A.D.C. to Queen Victoria; was second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet; commanded the Channel Squadron; was Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet; and was Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet. In 1878, he married Mina, daughter of the late Richard Gardner, M.P. for Leicester. He has two daughters.

Photograph by Lafayette.

OUT OF THE LONDON SNOW: SOCIETY ON THE RIVIERA.



1. SIR CHARLES CAYZER, Bt.
4. SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY, Bt.
7. MRS. TANGEMAN.

2. MR. ANTHONY DREXEL.
5. LADY JULIET DUFF; AND LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER.
8. MR. ALMERIC PAGET; AND LADY (ARTHUR) PAGET.

3. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.
6. MR. FRANK JAY GOULD.
9. LADY GARVAGH.

Sir Charles Cayzer, the first Baronet, is, of course, the well-known ship-owner and former M.P.—Sir John Willoughby, fifth Baronet, was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards, and has seen a good deal of active service. In South Africa, he was present during the Siege of Ladysmith, and at the Relief of Mafeking. Before that, in 1896, he commanded the British South Africa Company's troops which accompanied

Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal. He was taken prisoner by the Boers, tried at the Bar, and sentenced to ten months' imprisonment.—Lady Juliet Duff is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale.—Lady Alastair Innes-Ker is the wife of the elder of the two brothers of the Duke of Roxburghe, and was Miss Anne Breese, of New York.—Mrs. Tangeman is well known as an American beauty.

Photographs by Navello.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

PRINCE and Princess Louis of Battenberg heard first-rate music last week in Grosvenor Square. Not only did the Duchess of Somerset gather together interesting musicians, including Signor Boni and Miss Henschel, but she so arranged her programme that people felt inclined to listen—at least in patches. There was not that total disregard of the performers that characterises most large parties, but the Duchess's difficulty was always to keep the conversation down rather than to keep it going. Music, for many people, acts as a stimulus to talking; and when Mr. F. E. Smith and Sir Gilbert Parker, Lady Selborne and Lady Glenconner, Lord Peel and Sir Gerard Lowther, and every possible combination of conversational partners find their form, even a silent and attentive hostess does not see her good example universally followed.

In the Lift. "In the Lift" is the new game—or rather, was the new game five days ago. It never promised to be as long-lived as

and to him, as a Catholic, it has, appropriately enough, fallen to give the ideal rendering to the "Dream." It was only after four years in the Diplomatic Service that Mr. Elwes turned his gifts as a musician to public use; and though diplomacy and professional singing were incompatible, he is able to follow the life of a country gentleman, with J.P. and two lordships of manor in Lincolnshire to his name, as well as doing platform work. Some years ago he married Lady Winefride Feilding.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. WILLIAM SHOLTO DOUGLAS: THE HON. ETHEL GEORGIANA FRANCES SOMERSET.

Miss Somerset is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Raglan. Mr. Sholto Douglas is the third son of the Earl and Countess of Morton.

Photograph by Swaine.

A Rothschild "Special."

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's imaginative allusion to the luxury of a threepenny *Times* recalls the fact that the family has not stopped at threepence for a news-sheet. When Francis Thompson, the poet, gained a living on the streets, he was once given a half-sovereign for a halfpenny paper at the bottom of Park Lane. By the time the seller noticed the colour of the coin, the buyer was lost in the stream of people on the pavement. "He's made



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN GUY B. OLIVER, R.F.A.: MISS DORIS HUTCHINSON.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN J. M. W. O'RORKE ON SATURDAY, THE 28TH: MISS VIOLET HUTCHINSON HELY.



TO MARRY MISS VIOLET HUTCHINSON HELY ON SATURDAY, THE 28TH: CAPTAIN J. M. W. O'RORKE.



ENGAGED TO MR. CECIL MOLESWORTH BUNBURY: MISS MARGARET HAMILL.

Miss Hutchinson is the eldest daughter of Sir George Hutchinson, the well-known book-publisher, and Lady Hutchinson, of 55, Pont Street and Lyminster Court, near Arundel. Captain Oliver is the only son of the late Mr. Edward Emerson Oliver and of Mrs. Oliver, of 11, Mount Street.—Captain O'Rorke is in the 25th Cavalry (Frontier Force), Indian

Army. The wedding will take place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Miss Hely is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wisdom Hely, of Oakland, Rathgar, Co. Dublin.—Miss Hamill is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hamill, of Bedford Park. Mr. Bunbury is the eldest son of the late Sir T. Bunbury, of Eastbourne.

Photographs by Swaine Rita Martin, Speaight, and Ellen Macnaghten

Lady Tree's "A Great Concourse of People," and it had not the advantage of being invented by that champion game-inventor. It bears the stamp of the amateur, for it flares up for half-a-minute and is all over. The Duke of Rutland, who is the responsible person, was recalling old memories of St. Martin's-le-Grand. "When I was in the Post Office," he mused, "all the lifts were marked 'Mail-Bags Only.'" Dreadful was the fate of the man who broke the rule. He was either killed instantly or locked in and the machinery set in motion. Up and down the lift would go, so that one caught sight of him as he sped past the landings. Sometimes he was left in for three days, sometimes for seven. "Who would you put in the lift?" was the question left to the table; and for a minute there followed a great noise of names.

The Censored Cardinal.

Mr. Gervase Elwes was the last man in the world whom a Cathedral should have asked to adopt an expurgated version of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." For one thing, he was educated at the Oratory, where, of all places, the Newman tradition is strong;



ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY HARCOURT WILLIAMS: MISS DOLORES OLGA SALUSBURY-TRELAWNY.

Miss Salusbury-Trelawny, who is engaged to Mr. Williams, of Pencalenick, Truro, Cornwall, is the youngest daughter of Sir William Salusbury-Trelawny, Bt., of Trelawne, Duloe, Cornwall.

Photograph by Swaine.

a mistake. How shall I find him to give him his change?" the poet asked a companion of the kerb more learned than he in the way of the world. "Keep it," was the answer. "That's Lord Rothschild who gave it you, and he never makes mistakes with his money!"

Signs of the Times.

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild has been a good deal chaffed for calling the threepenny *Times* a luxury. But let any man who has subscribed for a lifetime at the higher rate count up all his threepences and see if the total has not a certain luxurious ring to it. Lord Wemyss has read the *Times* every day since he was a boy: what has been his expenditure during eighty years? And even if one copy was not a luxury, what of several copies? A certain hostess famous for large house-parties makes a rule of having a separate copy of all the important papers for each of her guests. Even husbands and wives count as two upon her lists. "I should hate to make any unsympathetic couple read the same paper," she explains; "the very rattle of the *Times* is exasperating, if the reader gets on your nerves; and it is ten times more exasperating if you are waiting for your turn!"

THE APPEAL FOR THE BLIND: A PATHETIC CONTRAST.



THE INESTIMABLE GIFT OF SIGHT: ONE OF THE MANY PLEASURES OF THOSE WHO CAN SEE,
AND THE ONLY MEDIUM OF RECREATION OF THE BLIND.

A great appeal is being made on behalf of the National Institute for the Blind, in Great Portland Street, the new buildings of which the King and Queen arranged to open on the 19th. Some £39,000 is required to complete the buildings, and it is hoped to raise £100,000 for the maintenance fund. We have great pleasure in asking our readers to help this excellent work, which touches the sympathies of all. The

object of the Institute is to provide for poor blind people literature, music, and games printed in Braille, the special raised type which blind readers use. Braille publications are very expensive, and quite beyond the means of the majority of the 180,000 people in these islands unable to read ordinary books. Braille is practically the only medium through which the blind can obtain amusement.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

THRIFT, there is some reason to believe, is a less popular virtue to-day than when we were children. Never an endearing or an attractive quality, the decadence of its spirit will not be greatly mourned save by the wise and the pre-occupied. The very wise are, I understand, divided on the subject. Certain considerable economists preach that the habit of thrift is a national weakness—a point of view which seems to a layman akin to the strange assertion that the higher mathematician has no difficulty in proving that the theory that parallel lines will never, never meet is a fallacy. Whether, however, thrift is a weakness or whether it is the salvation of those who practise it is academical and not immediately important. These things have a habit of balancing themselves. What is important, and sure beyond question, is that thrift has young cousins—meanness, parsimony, avarice, sharpness—who, once they have, under the wing of their relation, effected lodgment in your home, leave very little room, if any, for the pleasant virtues.

In America, I am given to understand—and by America I mean the United States, a Canadian refusing to be called an American—thrift was, even more than in England, on the decline. Confronted with the choice between buying a motor-car or saving money, the American, from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gates, elected for the motor-car. The fact has played the devil with the money market, but they didn't have time to think of that. Their neighbours had motor-cars, why shouldn't they? Everything was drawn out of the bank. What motorists call, I believe, "the cost of up-keep" effectually prevented anything going back. If they had no savings they mortgaged their houses. It was an orgy.

But now, apparently, there are signs of returning prudence. Perhaps everyone has a motor-car, and no new extravagance proves quite so attractive. One of the serious American magazines has been busy-ing itself with the question of what a young man should do with the first thousand dollars that he saves. It has been collecting opinions from "presidents" of banks and "vice-presidents" and "trustees." The first man's advice was definite: "If you are in active business, add the money to your working capital; if you are on a salary, buy a first-class bond"—a debenture, in effect—"or other good security, borrow as much as you feel you can save next year (using the bond as collateral), invest the loan in another good bond, and repay the loan in monthly instalments that fall due on pay day." Isn't that American? Isn't it extraordinarily far-seeing

and clever? The young man who takes that advice, whether he start with a thousand dollars in Chicago or with its practical equivalent, a hundred pounds, in London, is caught up in the machine. No "playing the ponies" for him, no dry Martinis or "Scotch highballs," no Tango teas, no "joy rides." He can stop at home and

watch his investments grow. After a little while he'll be on the road to real consideration—the kind that money buys—in his community. "If you do not believe it, figure out an average saving of four pounds a month, compound interest at five per cent., for twenty-five years." What specially delights my simple and not very thrifty mind is the suggestion that when you have bought your shares you run at once to your banker and borrow as much money on them as you can and then buy some more shares with what you have borrowed. No Englishman would have thought of that. It has true American ingenuity. You cannot imagine the successful man in England giving advice of that kind to his young friend who is struggling along, with wife and baby and dog, on a salary of four hundred a year.

But listen to another banker: "My first bank account was 3.50 dols."—thirteen shillings—"at the age of nine. I have saved ever since. I would be just as unhappy in not saving money every month as I would be in losing my chance for three meals a day. In fact, I should eat only two meals a day if it came to that deprivation to save money." Being a banker, this man of affairs no doubt found motor-cars glide naturally into his stable and didn't have to dissipate his savings. He continued adding dollar to dollar, month by month, through that period of riot. But is he to be envied his spirit? I do not wish to seem impertinent, but the picture of this presumably elderly man, prosperous, perhaps portly and bald-headed, leaning back in his American

leather chair and dictating such poisonous sentences to his secretary and spreading them broadcast among the aspiring youth of his country does distress me. Why, in the name of wonder, should a young man who has paid his bills do without his three solid meals a day for the sake of the dry satisfaction to be gained from the knowledge that he has put away a few shillings more or less in the bank? Isn't happiness something? And health? A man should use his money, sanely, sensibly, according to his reasonable needs, not hoard it. Let him take heed for the morrow, but not in the spirit of his elderly mentor. Good nerves, a good digestion, a good conscience, a happy home—these things are better than a bank balance built up, cent by cent, by doing without three meals a day.



BROTHERS WHO WRESTLED BEFORE THE KING: MESSRS. S. V. AND E. H. BACON.

Last week, the King attended a tournament of the 2nd Life Guards, at the Regent's Park Barracks, and witnessed boxing, a sabre contest, and wrestling. Messrs. S. V. and E. H. Bacon, each of whom has won several wrestling championships during the last five or six years, wrestled two five-minute rounds; first in the Cumberland and Westmorland style, and then in the catch-as-catch-can.

Photograph by Topical.



ON THE SPRING-BOARD IN WINTER FOR A SUMMER SCENE: MISS MADGE LESSING TAKING PART IN A SWIMMING "ACT" IN A SPECIAL INDOOR BATH BUILT FOR A FILM PLAY.

Finding it necessary to photograph a summer bathing-scene recently for a film play, an enterprising German producer built a special swimming-bath in a great glass hall at Tempelhof, near Berlin. A scene is shown being filmed, with Miss Madge Lessing, that famous musical-comedy actress, who has deserted us for Berlin for some long time, on the spring-board.—[Photograph by Haackel.]

LEAVING YOURSELF AT YOUR TAILOR'S: A MODEL IDEA.



1. A TAILOR MAKING A MODEL OF HIS CLIENT: PLACING THE SPECIAL WRAPPINGS ROUND THE BODY.
2. AFTER THE WRAPPINGS HAVE DRIED: REMOVING THE SOLID CAST OF THE BODY FROM THE CLIENT.
3. WRAPPINGS AND THE GUIDE ROLLER.
4. YOUR SECOND SELF! INFLATING THE WRAPPINGS, PLACED OVER A RUBBER BAG.

In an article called "How to Leave Yourself at Your Tailor's," the "Scientific American" says: "This paradoxical achievement is the fundamental idea of a German invention which has been introduced in America by a well-known New York tailor. . . . First of all you slip on a cheese-cloth or linen coat, whereupon your tailor proceeds to wrap gummed paper over you with a special contrivance. He wraps the paper around your waist, passes it around your shoulder and sees to it that the edges overlap. When every part of your trunk is encased in wrappings, like an Egyptian mummy, the first stage in the preparation of your artificial double has been completed. The wrappings

dry very quickly, and become hard and impervious to air. When they have reached that condition, the wrappings are slit up the back. A cast of your trunk has been obtained, as it were, which is peeled off like an orange-skin. The wrappings are then placed upon an inflatable rubber bag of the proper shape and fastened in place. Next the rubber bag is blown up, and the wrappings are filled out and assume the exact shape of your trunk. Your artificial tailor's double has been created. Once your measure has been taken in this novel and very accurate way, you may cable your order for a suit of clothes from Kamchatka with the certainty that they will fit you."

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

WOUNDED, BUT EVER "VICTRIX"! BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I HAD just seen a friend off to Paris and was coming back across the lovely yard of Charing Cross, with its cotton-wool space, its pigeons, its cobbles, and the touching miniature monument in its centre. I stopped at the corner to buy a bunch of Parma violets. Stations, I find, are fatal to flowers: you arrive on the platform with a fragrant splash of purple or pink pinned on your coat, there is a whistle, the train starts, and before you know where they are your flowers have vanished—gone for a week-end to Paris or for a tour round the world! Well lost, let us hope! Few are the flowers that fade—on you! Few are the hair-pins that break: the earth seems to swallow them—or, if not the earth, the sofa, the arm-chair, and the fireside rug. But never mind—hair-pins are cheap, and we never lose them any more when we reach forty! Please put up with my digressions a little longer: I cannot help dropping off my subject again and again, for all the world as if I were—a hair-pin; but as a friend of mine, who also happened to be an editor, said to me once, to console me on my complaining of the things his printer pretended I had written, "Well, well, my dear



IN A BATH-CHAIR ON THE RIVIERA: COUNTESS TORBY, WITH LADY DE TRAFFORD (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND TWO OTHER FRIENDS.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

young lady; it does certainly read rather—er—quaintly, but"—as a comforting angel—"people read those light articles so casually, you know, I am sure nobody noticed those little errors!" And that in my début days, when a missing comma would plunge me in—the coma (you see, it haunts me even now!), and when I brooded over "proofs" like a free-thinker! And—where was I? Oh, yes, at Charing Cross, buying a bunch of flowers. Scenting in me a buyer of unnecessary things, a postcard vendor pressed seven views of London for sixpence upon me. No; I did not want any views of London, neither did I want a map, nor an album of twenty-four cards in colour. The man sadly shook his head and muttered something about—guess—about Venus! I felt flabbergasted, and, to be frank, not a little flattered: romance and—rot rioted in my silly, vain little brain. I thought of Madame Récamier and the appreciative chimney-sweep. "Here," I mused, "is a poor artist out of work, reduced to selling postcards (and coloured ones at that) in the damp and the din, with his heart in his boots, and his boots in the gutter. This is what comes of having high ideals! A map of London can be useful sometimes, if one knows how to use it, or I could send it to some Paris friend." I blush to say I had already my hand on my purse to buy the map—yes, and the seven views, and perhaps the album with the twenty-four cards (in colour)—when suddenly I realised that my coat was green, my bodice white, my flowers purple. Intuition, swift and bitter, visited me. I was unintentionally wearing the colours! Vanity dropped off me like—like another hair-pin! "Venus!" Why, Venus was not me, but the victim of one of my clan (as the man supposed). I wonder

whether this coat will dye nicely? I have a fondness for it, but a green-coat! Why not also a shillelagh, or a hammer, or—a hatchet?

Poor wounded Venus of the beautiful back! You should not have been so imprudently, so indolently, so arrogantly beautiful! You know what women are, my dear; they don't like one of them (forgive me, Venus, but I must flatter them just at the beginning, for I have some rather hard things to follow), one of them, say I, to be so unlike them—so disdainful of clothes, so sure of herself, so reposeful, so noble in mien, so shamelessly voluptuous, so contemptuous of pretence, so frankly pleased with her own beauty. Women do not like you, Venus; they are furtive and fussy, impatient and talkative, shrill and nervy.

They belong to the hour—you belong to all ages, and men of all kinds worship you. You are calm and invincible in your immobility. We women dislike your imperial laziness and those shoulders turned to the World, that are so indifferent because so certain of their curve. You anger us women, as does the silent smile of "La Gioconda." We only pretend to admire her because men admire her, but in truth we find her plain—and redoubtable. You both look so self-possessed and secure—and we feel like dethroned queens that had mixed with the mob. Ours was an uncomfortable throne, a shaky, old-fashioned affair, worm-eaten, with nails sticking out and sharp corners that bruised us, and it was ridiculously high—so high that it meant a nasty fall when we did fall off it. But it was a throne, and how much better than a wooden platform in a public square! And now we have kicked our throne to pieces, and with the pieces we have lit bonfires at street-corners, there to struggle and to shout, at one with that evil-smelling monster, all body and no brain—a crowd. No wonder, Venus, we are enraged at your serene back and your languid strength. We know full well that what we have been clutching at vainly and wildly till our hands are all claws and no caress—shrieking for till we can no longer coo nor murmur—running for till we can no longer walk straight nor stand—that will be offered to you, who lie there waiting and seeing the future—in your mirror!

When Venus was first brought into the National Gallery I went one day, accompanied by my French maid, to stare at the wonder on the wall.

"Do you see this picture, Françoise? Well, it has just been bought for twenty-five times 45,000 francs."

Françoise looked at me from the corner of her eye. Was Madame joking? No; Madame had her usual austere expression. "Mon Dieu, Madame! But is it then that the frame is of solid gold?"



WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE IN OUR FANCY-DRESS COMPETITION: MISS WINIFREDE MARY BRIDGER AS A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FIGURE.

To Miss Bridger, of 5, Langham Street, W., we have awarded the Second Prize in our Fancy-Dress Competition. A portrait of the First-Prize Winner will be found in our Supplement.

"O Moments Big as Years!"



No. VI.—WHEN WE UNWITTINGLY PASS ON BAD MONEY AND BECOME THE OBJECT OF HORRID SUSPICION.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE SUPER-BO: JACK LONDON, TRAMP.*

Jack London, the Super-Tramp.

How much of "The Road" is autobiographical and how much is artistic license it is impossible to say. Mr. Jack London invites the fullest belief. "Every once in a while," he writes, "in newspapers, magazines, and biographical dictionaries, I run upon sketches of my life, wherein, delicately phrased, I learn that it was in order to study sociology that I became a tramp. This is very nice and thoughtful of the biographers, but it is inaccurate. I became a tramp—well, because of the life that was in me, of the wander-lust in my blood that would not let me rest. Sociology was merely incidental; it came afterwards, in the same manner that a wet skin follows a ducking. I went on 'The Road' because I couldn't keep away from it; because I hadn't the price of the railroad fare in my jeans; because I was so made that I couldn't work all my life on 'one same shift'; because—well, just because it was easier to than not to." Let us, then, take it that in his day—of years ago—Mr. Jack London was a super-Bo, a hobo who was the real thing, "blowed in the glass," a "stiff" of vast experience and skill in evading John Law and the "bulls" whose duty it was to keep up that gentleman's prestige.

Slang of the Hobo. It began in Oakland,

when Mr. London was sixteen, and was the local "Prince of the Oyster Pirates." It continued when he became a Road-Kid and "matriculated" as such by going over "the hill," otherwise the Sierra Nevada. It was at its height when he became a full-fledged hobo. And never was there such a tramp. He could "throw his feet" with the best when it came to "slamming a gate" (begging at a door) for a "poke-out" (a handing-out of food) or for a "set-down" (a meal at a table). He was expert at hitting for a "light piece" (a coin) on the street. He knew the art of "sizing-up" a victim. The beggar must "size up" his quarry on the instant. "After that, he must tell a story that will appeal to the peculiar temperament of that particular victim. . . . The successful hobo must be an artist. He must create spontaneously and instantaneously—and not upon a theme selected from the plenitude of his own imagination, but upon the theme he reads in the face of the person who opens the door, be it man, woman, or child, sweet or crabbed, generous or miserly, good-natured or cantankerous, Jew or Gentile, black or white, race-prejudiced or brotherly, provincial or universal, or whatever else it may be." He was very familiar with the language of the class. He knew that "privates" were dwelling-houses; that to "kip," "doss," "flop," "pound your ear," were all "to sleep"; that a "bull" was a policeman; a "shine," a negro; a "monica," a road nickname, a *nom de rail*; that "main drag fair" meant begging for money on the main street was fair, that "privates no good" meant that residences were not good for beggars; that a "bindle-stiff" was a working tramp, and a "gay-cat" a newcomer on the road, a "tenderfoot."

"Holding Down" Trains. As to that specialty of the American tramp, stealing rides on—or beneath—trains, Mr. London was evidently supreme. Never was

such an adventure as that which was his when he "held down" the Overland from Ottawa, bound West, refused to be "ditched," that is, thrown off, by the train-crew, and showed such ingenuity, skill, and determination that, at last, he finished his free ride without further trouble, the last survivor of twenty of his fellows, and realised with pride that the Overland had stopped twice for him—"a poor hobo on the bum." On that and other occasions he travelled as "stowaway," under trains, on trains, on the roofs of trains, in trucks, among the coal in a box-car, in a refrigerator—it is difficult to say where not, save in the usual places for fare-paying passengers!

"Pinched"; and the Trusty. Once upon a time,

Mr. London was "pinched" for vagrancy and given thirty days. His record of that experience—the journey to the jail, handcuffed and chained; the prison clothes and hair-crop; the tricks of the old hand; the graft; his own "grafting" as a trusty—a sort of monitor amongst convicts; the walling-up of invading insects; the bartering—must be read: they are remarkable. Note one small point, as an example: "Our task was to hold the trays of bread as the line of convicts filed past . . . each man reaching with his right hand and taking one ration of bread from the extended tray. The task of the First Hall-man was different. He used a club. The hungry wretches never got over the delusion that sometimes they could manage to get two rations of bread out of the tray. But in my experience that sometimes never came. The club of the First Hall-man had a way of flashing out—quick as the stroke of a tiger's claw—to the hand that dared ambitiously. The First Hall-man was a good judge of distance, and he

had smashed so many hands with that club that he had become infallible. He never missed."

The Army of 2000 Tramps.

Mr. London, too, was one of Kelly's Army of 2000 hoboes, that collection of hardened "stiffs" who marched or rode, like human locusts, capturing trains for their own use, ordering food from townships eager enough to feed them if they would but move on; marched very successfully across the wild and woolly West, clear from California, only to fall down when they went up against the effete East! Think of their power when you hear of them in Des Moines. The Army walked in, but wouldn't walk out: they wanted trains. "Des Moines was hospitable, but this was too much of a good thing. Do a little mental arithmetic, gentle reader. Two thousand hoboes, eating three square meals, make six thousand meals per day, forty-two thousand meals per week, or one hundred and sixty-eight thousand meals per shortest month in the calendar. That's going some. We had no money. It was up to Des Moines"—and Des Moines provided, not trains, but rafts.—Most certainly read "The Road": it is a very human document and very entertaining.



THE NEW SCULPTURE: "AN ALABASTER GROUP"; BY H. GAUDIER-BRZESKA.

This Futurist sculpture is on exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. It bears merely the title "An Alabaster Group."

* "The Road," By Jack London. (Mills and Boon; 1s.)

THE LAW AND THE PROFITS.



THE SOLICITOR (*discussing details of a partnership agreement*): And in the event of fire or bankruptcy?
THE PARTNERS (*together*): Profits to be equally divided.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE ODD MAN OUT.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"ER—hullo!" I said, as I poked my head round the library door.

Miss Moore, who was kneeling on the floor, with her elbows in Mrs. Veralour's lap, sprang to her feet.

"Hullo!" said Elizabeth, who was sitting on the table swinging her legs and looking a trifle bored.

"Talk of angels——" said Mrs. Veralour, with a geniality that alarmed me. "Come in."

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," I mentioned, not to be out-quoted, and also because when Mrs. Veralour makes much of me it is only because she wants a lot from me.

"Will you walk into my parlour," murmured Elizabeth, as I hesitatingly advanced into the room.

"Now, Miss Moore," I said, "it's your turn to say something infantile, and then we'll all pretend we're grown up and sensible."

"I—I don't feel infantile," said Miss Moore.

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Veralour softly, stroking her hand.

"Poor—Miss Moore," I echoed, reaching out my hand, and then recollecting myself and putting it in my pocket.

Miss Moore, who had hurriedly put her other hand behind her back at my approach, sighed.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Veralour to me, "and we'll tell you all about it."

"Oh—but——" said Miss Moore, in some embarrassment.

"He's quite trustworthy," said Mrs. Veralour reassuringly. "Isn't he, Elizabeth?"

"Um," said Elizabeth, who had observed my tentative movement of sympathy towards Miss Moore.

"Well, it's like this." Mrs. Veralour paused and reflected for a moment.

Miss Moore, however, had nerved herself for an effort.

"I'm going to run away, Mr. Blake," she burst out.

"No," I said, hurriedly rising; "you mustn't let me drive you away—I'll go." I made for the door.

"Elope, she means," said Elizabeth, sprawling over the table and grabbing me as I passed. "You're not going to get away like that. You knew very well what she meant."

"Go ahead," I said resignedly, seating myself beside Elizabeth. "I wonder if this table will hold us both? What do you want me for, Miss Moore?—haven't you got anybody to elope with?"

Mrs. Veralour frowned at me.

"I expect you know him," said Miss Moore shyly.

"I expect I do," I said agreeably.

"It's young Graham," said Mrs. Veralour, "that tall, good-looking boy."

"Oh, yes," I said doubtfully. "Er—let me see—is he the chap with the sandy moustache?"

"Good gracious, no!" cried Miss Moore indignantly. "That's Mr. Travers. You don't call *him* tall and good-looking, do you?"

"No," I said apologetically, "certainly not; not to my eyes he isn't, but he might have been to yours, you know. Graham's the one who's always talking about ratting, isn't he?"

"He mentioned it once," said Miss Moore coldly; "he thought you were interested."

"That's right," I said, "it was only once; it was rabbiting the other times. May I ask—what I mean is, *you* started confiding in me—*why* are you going to elope?"

"To get married," said Miss Moore, staring.

"Good gracious, yes—of course. I didn't suggest—er——" I turned in some embarrassment to Mrs. Veralour. "Why are they going to elope, Mrs. Veralour?"

"Well," said Mrs. Veralour; she paused and glanced at Miss Moore somewhat doubtfully. "Well," she said again, "I suppose because it isn't absolutely certain her father would give his consent. That's it, Elsie, isn't it?"

Miss Moore nodded.

"H'm, apparently a negative taken for granted is as good as an affirmative," I said. "Objecting after the marriage has taken place would, of course, be mere verbosity. As long as Colonel Moore can be got to realise that."

"That'll be all right," said Mrs. Veralour, nodding her head confidently. "I'll talk to him, afterwards."

"Good," I said. I rose to my feet, and, pulling my waistcoat down, coughed slightly to attract the attention of my audience. "Well, Miss Moore, speaking—as I am sure I may—both on behalf of myself and the others present, I trust you will be very happy and—er—er——" I paused, at a loss for words. "And—er—and so on," I concluded. I made a step towards her, and held out my hand. "Good luck."

With a slightly bewildered expression, Miss Moore took my hand, and, after glancing towards Mrs. Veralour as if to see what she was to do with it, dropped it.

I backed towards the door, expecting every moment that Mrs. Veralour and Elizabeth would echo the good wishes I had so choicely expressed and follow me from the room.

"What's the matter with you?" said Mrs. Veralour faintly, following my movements with amazed eyes.

"Isn't— isn't it all over?" I asked, nonplussed. "Is there to be a presentation or something?"

"Good gracious," cried Mrs. Veralour exasperatedly, "come and sit down again, and don't be so silly. What do you think we told you for?"

I shook my head helplessly.

"I don't know."

Elizabeth tried to suppress a laugh at my lost air, and nearly choked.

"You've got to *help*," cried Mrs. Veralour.

"What? No—no, Mrs. Veralour. No, Miss Moore." As words failed me for the moment, I turned towards Elizabeth and shook my head at her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Veralour.

"You must," said Elizabeth.

"Please," said Miss Moore.

"No," I said, almost as firmly as ever. "Abuse a man's hospitality—no. Do you forget we are Colonel Moore's guests?"

Mrs. Veralour waved her hand at me, in what was intended to be a soothing manner.

"You won't have to do anything, really," she said. "I'm going, as chaperon, and Elizabeth is coming: all you'll have to do, as a matter of fact, is sit in front with the chauffeur."

"But the chauffeur doesn't want a chaperon," I protested. "There'll be a most fearful row when we come back, you know. Why drag me into it? What am I wanted for?"

Mrs. Veralour hesitated a moment.

"We must have a man with us," she said at last, "in case Colonel Moore wants somebody to swear at afterwards."

"Now you quite understand," said Mrs. Veralour that night, "what you have to do?"

"Yes," I said; "leave everything to you."

"That's when we come back," she corrected impatiently. "I mean, do you know what to do now?"

"Yes; sit with the chauffeur, and not talk to him in case he runs into a ditch."

"Well, yes," she assented. "Of course, you can answer him if he speaks to you. We don't want to be rude to the man—so much depends on him. What you have to do at the moment, though, is to keep watch."

"Right," I said, glancing round in a highly trained manner. "Hist! Someone comes."

"It's Elizabeth," said Mrs. Veralour. "I do wish you'd be sensible."

"I'm laughing," I pointed out, "so that you may think it's mirth that is making me shake so. I quite realise the seriousness of the affair. Don't forget I've got to act as breakwater to the first floods of the Colonel's wrath. Where's Miss Moore, Elizabeth? Do tell me she's changed her mind."

"She's coming in a minute. Oughtn't he to be watching, Mrs. Veralour?"

"I am watching," I said, somewhat hurt. "I saw you coming almost as soon as you got in sight."

"Outside the library is where you have to watch," said Mrs. Veralour. "If the Colonel wakes up before we're ready to start, you must detain him."

"Talk to him about golf, or something," explained Elizabeth.

[Continued overleaf.]

ÇA VA SANS LIRE !



"What do you think of Lloyd George's speech?"

"Rotten! — I haven't read it."

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

"Do you know it's past eleven," I mentioned. "The Colonel won't want to stand in a draughty corridor talking golf at this hour. Can't I let him go to bed if he promises to go straight there?"

"You must do what you think best," interrupted Mrs. Veralour. "Then, at two hoots of the motor horn, you must run out and jump up beside the chauffeur."

"And mind you do," said Elizabeth. "I'll never speak to you again if you desert us. No going off to bed, mind."

"Bed! Do you think I'd be left alone in the house with the Colonel after helping his only daughter to elope? I want something weak and womanly to act as chaperon when next the Colonel and I meet."

At this moment Miss Moore came up.

"Father's still asleep," she said; "I've just had a peep. Perhaps Mr. Blake will—" She looked at me.

"Certainly," I said. "Er—do I stand on the mat, or can I stroll about?"

"Well, you can sit on the stairs if you like," she said, with every desire to make me comfortable. "You can easily hear him asleep from there."

With some misgivings, I took my seat on the stairs and watched them disappear. As I lit a cigarette, I reflected they were making the elopement too much of a social event. It seemed to me that if young Graham couldn't swarm up the rain-water pipe in the good old-fashioned way, and carry off his girl by himself, he ought not to attempt romance.

I had lit my second cigarette, and was waiting dreamily for the "honk, honk" that was to put a little action into the affair, when I heard a soft footfall down the corridor. Peering round the balustrade, I saw a figure stealing cautiously along in the semi-darkness. I may not be a deep thinker, but I am very quick. In a flash I realised it was a burglar. In another flash I saw that here was the opportunity to make it all right with Colonel Moore. If I collared a burglar in the act of absconding with his cherished plate, it would do much towards condoning the fact that I was helping someone to abscond with his cherished

daughter. He could hardly thank me with one hand and abuse me with the other.

To think was to act. As he crept within reach, I sprang round the balustrade and grappled with him. For a few moments there was a fearful struggle: it was a cross between an after-supper Tango and stepping off a 'bus with the wrong foot. And then the burglar collapsed with the gurgle of an exhausted balloon.

Seating myself on his chest, I panted for a while. My burglar was still gurgling for breath when I heard footsteps in the hall.

"Is that you?" I called over my shoulder.

In response, the glare of a motor-lamp shone upon us. I heard Mrs. Veralour's voice in a quick imperative whisper, and then the light faded, and someone pulled me off my opponent and punched me in the eye.

As I staggered back, I collided with something.

"Ssh!" said Elizabeth, imprisoning my arm. "Don't speak. Quick!"

"Hurry up," whispered Mrs. Veralour, giving me a push. "Take him away, Elizabeth."

As I allowed myself to be hustled away, the motor light shone on the scene again, permitting me a brief glimpse of young Graham and Colonel Moore effusively shaking hands.

"Hang it!" I said to Mrs. Veralour, about half-an-hour later, "how was I to guess that the Colonel had heard voices outside and was creeping out to investigate?"

"You couldn't, of course," she said soothingly. "Would you like something cool for that eye of yours?"

I stroked my eyebrow tenderly.

"I've got one door-key down my back," I said; "Elizabeth dropped it down. It was a bit of luck for Graham that Colonel Moore thinks he was rescued from a real burglar."

"Luck!" said Mrs. Veralour. "It wasn't luck—it was a stroke of genius. I saw what you'd done as soon as the light shone on you, and I told the Graham boy to go for you."

"Well I'm da—" I checked myself. "Good-night; I'm going to bed."

THE END.



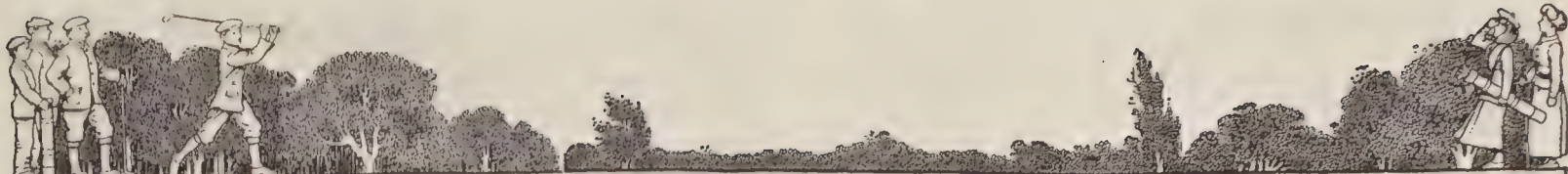
CURIOSITY COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS: A DOMESTIC BARGAIN IN SUBURBIA.

MRS. CLACK (*engaging a new parlour-maid*): Mrs. Yapp says she discharged you because she frequently caught you listening at the doors.

THE APPLICANT: Oh, really, Mum—

MRS. CLACK: Well, I'll engage you on one condition. You'll have to tell me everything you overheard at Mrs. Yapp's.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



ON THE LINKS

THE GAME BOCCACCIO WOULD HAVE ENJOYED: THE FLORENCE COURSE AND HOW TO GET THERE.

The Golf of Florence.

All men who have been to Florence know that it is a place of the most enormous inspirations. Even the dullest soul feels a lightening and a soaring when in this city by the Arno, the city of the most brilliant achievement in art and literature. There are fewer marks in Florence of the games that people played in the past, or the sports and pleasures they indulged in, than in almost any other great city of historical interest that I can recall. The pleasures of the splendid Florentines were all of the æsthetic kind. Beauty and culture were everything, and nothing else was anything. It was a magnificent higher life that they led, a life of the soul, a life of intellectual thrills and ecstasy. It was quite different from the life of the Romans, even the mediæval Romans. Yet I think the Florentines of the great achievement would have liked this game of ours; most certainly it is the only game that would have served their purpose or been tolerated in any way whatsoever. Galileo would have liked golf. I think Dante would have found some abstraction in it. How Boccaccio would have played! However, golf came to Florence long after their time, and it serves the modern people of the city and those who linger there for a while very well indeed. The course, which is out at San Donato, certainly has its advantages, even if it is not first class. It is most splendidly convenient. There is not a golf course attached to any big city that is more so. When at the Duomo you are at the very heart of things in Florence, and if you will jump on a tram-car there and pay a penny, you will be carried out to within a shot or two of the course in the space of fifteen minutes. This is splendid, and I appreciated it much. But I do wish someone would write a child's guide to the golf courses of Europe, for, if the particulars in it were what they should be, it would sell faster than the best rubber-cored balls.

On Finding San Donato.

Now here is Florence, and so magnificently convenient. But you do not know this till you get there. Particulars of the existence and whereabouts of the course are very scanty. A golfers' directory informed me that it is situated about 250 yards outside the barrier

of the local police, and the assurances of the tramway officials—namely, that the tram you must board is the one labelled Cascine and No. 17. The "No. 17" is absolutely everything. Get on the car with that number (and there is one every ten minutes or so, starting from one particular corner of the cathedral square, and not any corner), and say "Golf" to the conductor, who knows all about it, and the rest is inevitable. A penny is the fare. Without the knowledge of that magic No. 17 the golfing adventurer will almost certainly get into car No. 7, and then he will try various others, and there are more than a score of different numbers, each belonging to a car that goes in a direction of its own; all working from the Duomo. If I have written much about getting there, I am conscious that the most important thing for any golfer to know on visiting Florence is that Car No. 17 is the car for him.

Real Lovers of the Game.

Another advantage that the golf of Florence has, besides its convenience, is that the turf, if a little rough, has some good porous properties: though it had been raining so hard for many days as nearly to flood the Arno when I was there, yet the morning after the rain had stopped the course was so dry you could have gone to sleep on it. The holes are of the severely plain kind, with the most artificial bunkers. The architecture is of what you might call the low Victorian school. One of the strong features is a couple of tall trees that stand up in the middle with bare straight trunks parallel to each other, looking for all the world like Rugby football goal-posts. And the little club-house is a nice quaint thing. It is the only one I know that has an island all to itself. There it is with a cemented moat with water in it running all the way round, and at one side there is the approach over a nice little bridge. The golf of Florence would be much better if landlords were more amenable to reason and funds were more plentiful. As it is, Mr. Mavrogordato, the hon. secretary, does splendidly with the materials at his command, and the club is packed with good enthusiasts—the real thing. There is for captain over all of them Mr. J. W. Spalding, head of the great athletic firm, who now likes to spend most of his time in Florence. Here is an enthusiast indeed. He was unfortunate enough some



GET ON TRAM 17 AND SAY "GOLF"! THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE FLORENCE LINKS, WHICH IS ON AN ISLAND.



GOLF IN THE CITY WHICH HAS BEEN THE HEART OF ITALIAN LITERATURE AND ART FOR CENTURIES: THE HOME END OF THE LINKS AT FLORENCE.



SHOWING A FAIR SAMPLE OF THE VERY MODEST BUNKERING: ROUND ABOUT THE SEVENTH HOLE OF THE FLORENCE GOLF COURSE, AT SAN DONATO.

of Ponte alle Mosse, and could be reached by electric tram in a quarter of an hour from the Duomo. A fact that was a hundred times better worth knowing than all these was the one I had to find out for myself after innumerable mistakes as the result of trying to work in this information with bits of Baedeker, the advice

time ago to lose an eye in a motor-car smash, but as soon as the doctors and surgeons let him loose again he hurried to his beloved golf course of Florence, and lo! there he won a scratch gold medal once again. And he has been scratch ever since, and may he for ever remain so!

HENRY LEACH.



THE PALACE : THE COLISEUM : THE PAVILION.

LAST week proved an exciting one for Mr. Alfred Butt and his assistants, for, a few minutes before his appearance was due, Mr. Nijinsky sent a message to say that he was unable to dance, his temperature having risen to 103. Immediately the telephone was very busy, and within a short time a programme was instituted which satisfied the audience completely. The Russian dancers gave two performances without their leaders which succeeded in almost consoling the disappointed audience; Mr. Lewis Sydney told some more of his amusing stories; and Miss Evie Greene appeared and sang two ballads in her best style. And so all ended happily. Prior to the disquieting intelligence, there had been a first appearance at this hall, and Mr. Wilkie Bard had made his debut. This droll comedian brought nothing actually new with him, but he was extremely diverting, and made a most successful impression upon his hearers. He began with his rag-time song, in which he appears in an absolutely soul-racking feminine costume, and read a letter of congratulation from a gentleman of light-fingered acquirements who had managed to accumulate much spoil from an audience at another house which had been requested to hold up its hands during the performance. Mr. Bard then proceeded to play the sketch he has now been doing for some little time at other halls, in which he appears as the inebriated man of middle-age who has been celebrating his birthday with genial acquaintances, and arrives home bearing a bunch of flowers for his long-suffering wife. After a scene with a discharged servant, the window opens, and there is visible the figure of his irate wife, who demands his presence, and he persuades a young man who has come to do some plumbing to take the castigation which is in store for him. The comedian has worked up this sketch very well indeed, and the Palace audience laughed unrestrainedly at his antics. Consequently he may be congratulated upon an undeniable success. Mr. Alfred Butt, who has now been appointed Managing Director of the Empire, with a seat on the Board, may look forward to a prosperous career at both the houses which are now under his control.

More Revue. At the Coliseum one afternoon last week I found a very large house being kept exceedingly well entertained by a programme which still included Mlle. Adeline Genée in "Robert le Diable," and Mr. Huntley Wright in "Simple-hearted Bill." But there were also divers novelties for their contemplation. There was, for instance, Mr. Malcolm Scott, still crooning forth topical jokes in the character of "The Woman Who Knows," and there was Miss Belle Davis with a troupe of negro acrobats of very diversified talents. There was also Mr. Austen Hurgon's Milestones

Revue entitled "And Very Nice, Too." Mr. Hurgon is a well-known producer of this kind of entertainment, and, however much we may have become satiated with revue, it must be frankly acknowledged that he does it very well. There is still, of course, the black man who obtrudes himself on every possible occasion, and makes speeches in front of the curtain; but as he succeeds in drawing forth the laughter of the audience, he must be submitted to with all good-nature. The piece retains its original form, but it is much improved since its first production. Beginning with "As You Were" in 1855, it still gives us an excellent reproduction of the classic songs of the period, terminating with the arrival of the Advanced Woman, who invites all the performers with her to come to Drummond Circus in 1923. Taking it for granted that we may expect the rag-time ditties of to-day to last for yet another nine years, this is all very good, though it may be very strongly doubted whether they will last so long. At any rate, for the time being they go very well indeed, and are complacently received by the audience. Mr. Gwilym Wigley's songs are appreciated by his hearers, as are those of Miss Betty Shale; while the rest of the performers do everything in their power to make the little piece a success.



"THE TWO VIRTUES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS JEFFERY PANTON, AND MISS ATHENE SEYLER AS MRS. JERVOISE.

ciency of the non-comic element, including Miss Xenia Greville-Moore in a series of artistic dances, and Mr. Brandon Hurst in a sensational comedy entitled "The Girl." There were also such old-established favourites as Miss Victoria Monks and Mr. Neil Kenyon, while Mr. Fred Karno's "Mumming Birds" were still drawing



"THE TWO VIRTUES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: MISS RHODA SYMONS AS ALICE EXERN; SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS JEFFERY PANTON; AND MISS MARTHA HEDMAN AS MRS. GUILDFORD.

to depart. Mr. Claff, a man of mighty physique, and Miss Tremayne, a very small lady, go through their business very well, and succeed amply in their endeavours to make the sketch go. The audience goes to the Pavilion with a set determination to enjoy itself, and, as at present, it usually succeeds.

ROVER.



THE LIGHT CAR RELIABILITY TRIAL—LOCALITY AND CONDITIONS: RINKS CHANGED TO GARAGES.

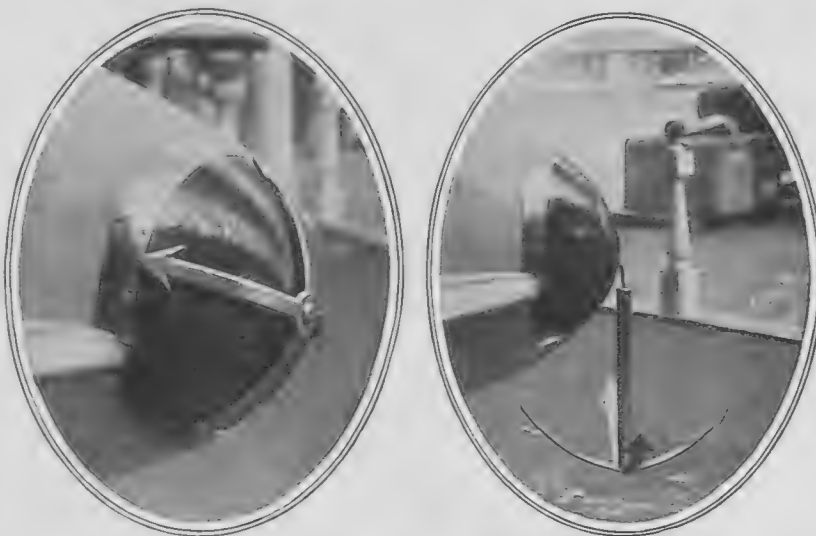
A Trial for Light Cars.

Although the proposal for a trial of light cars during the present year originated in the first instance from the Scottish Automobile Club—which issued, indeed, a preliminary schedule of regulations—the Club was too practical and courteous alike to persist in its own project after the Royal Automobile Club had announced its intention of conducting a trial of the same kind. As the result of *pourparlers* between the two bodies an agreement has been arrived at by which the Scottish Club withdraws its scheme for the current year, and meanwhile the parent Club has formulated and issued the regulations for its own contest. While Scotland has long been regarded as the only possible testing-ground for a reliability trial of large and medium-powered cars, the type of car which comes within the scope of the new trial is so much below the average in size and power that there is no actual need for the competitors to travel beyond the Tweed; at the same time, it is quite on the cards that the small cars will prove their efficiency in the forthcoming contest to a degree which will render a change to a more exacting territory desirable for next year's event.

The Conditions Summarised.

It is understood, though the fact is not stated in the R.A.C. programme, that the trial will be held in Herefordshire, a county which is not only one of the most charming for touring purposes in England, but also contains a fair number of steep hills. The dates are fixed as from May 4 to 9 inclusive, and the total itinerary will amount to about a thousand miles. There will be two non-stop runs per day, separated by a luncheon interval, and in order to be eligible for any of the awards, the cars must complete the twelve non-stop runs. The trial will be confined to cars having engines with a cylinder-capacity not exceeding 1,400 cubic centimetres, and weighing not more than 1,500 lb., ready for the road, but not including driver, passenger, lamps, or a spare tyre. There will be four classes, as follows:—Class A—price not to exceed 150 guineas; Class B—up to 175 guineas; Class C—up to 200 guineas; and Class D—over 200 guineas. These figures are to include hood, wind-screen, lamps, and tools. As for the prizes, the leading item will be the *Light Car Trophy*, with a cash prize

of 200 guineas presented by the journal named. On its part, the R.A.C. will award gold medals to each car which completes the trial without an involuntary stop, and to the one which wins the trophy by making the most meritorious performance irrespective of class. Entries will be received up to April 11 at ordinary fees, but the list will be open a week longer at an additional cost of 50 per cent. There will be no necessity for the fitting of special petrol and oil tanks, as replenishments will be permitted at the end of each of the twelve runs, but any replenishments which are effected upon the road will be regarded as vitiating the non-stop run, even if the wheels are not stopped for the purpose. It will be seen that there is nothing in the conditions to frighten off the builder of any of the new light cars which claim to be practicable vehicles, and it is to be hoped that a good entry-list will be forthcoming accordingly. The number of potential competitors is very large, for nothing has been more remarkable in the motor industry of late than the production of new models of small horse-power and low price—in certain cases by entirely new firms; and, however "taking" the lines may appear of some of these new products, they certainly need the opportunity which a public contest only can afford of proving their capabilities.



A SUPERMARINE—THAT IS, A SEA-PLANE OF A SPORTING CLASS: THE ANCHOR IN ITS USUAL POSITION (LEFT) AND LET DOWN.

The N. Pemberton Billing "Supermarine P.B.1" at the Aero and Marine Exhibition at Olympia is described as essentially designed to create a sporting class of hydro-aeroplanes, and "a compromise has been effected between the exigencies of aero-dynamics and the features essential to the production of a sea-going craft at an initial cost comparing favourably with that of a twenty-one-foot speed boat."

Photographs by Sport and General.

A Result of the Tango.

The Tango is declared to be dead, in this country at any rate, but it has not succumbed without exerting a permanent influence—in one direction at all events. For several years past the *beau monde* of Paris has been devoted heart and soul to the pastime of roller-skating, and a well-known rink has long been the rendezvous every night for Society folk in lordly limousines and other cars. Now, however, all this has changed. As a result of the Tango craze, the fashionable world of Paris has grown tired of skating, and as I passed through La Ville Lumière last week I learned that the rink will shortly be converted into a large garage for motor-cars! To motorists, at all events, the change will not be unwelcome, for the supply of good and convenient garages is always smaller than the demand. So the Tango has left us a most useful legacy.



ANY BOAT A MOTOR-BOAT: THE CAILLE PORTABLE MOTOR ATTACHED TO A ROWING-CRAFT FOR SHOW AT THE AERO AND MARINE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

The motor is attached to any ordinary rowing-boat by means of two simple thumb-screws. The engine develops two-horse-power, is reversible, and will propel a boat at from eight to ten miles an hour. With rudder and steering equipment it weighs about 50 lb. At Olympia it was shown fitted to a dinghy. It should prove very popular.

Photograph by Sport and General.



TO RELIEVE THE SHOCK WHEN THE FLOATS STRIKE THE WATER: A SPECIAL SPRING AND INDIA-RUBBER FITTING ON A HENRY FARMAN HYDRO-AEROPLANE.

At the Aero and Marine Exhibition, the Air-craft Manufacturing Company showed a Henry Farman hydro-aeroplane fitted with an 80-h.p. Gnome motor. "This monosoupape," says the catalogue, "is similar to the machine flown unofficially at Deauville, and has the new articulated chassis which facilitates alighting and getting off rough water."

Photograph by Sport and General.



MEREDITH'S "gobble-gabble" was not a function of his own invention; it was merely his new name for any one of the receptions to which he had been drawn by aspiring hostesses. Mr. George Moore has done better; he has invented an entertainment. The other night he gave a *dinner-dansant* with special features. Lady Gregory was not there, nor was Mr. Yeats, and such company as was gathered together was unoppressed with too keen a sense of Mr. Moore's literary style, and too young to be affected by the frankness of his newly published recollections. There was hardly anyone there who could be "a reminiscence," even for the younger generation of autobiographers.

The Flighty Family. It is several years since Miss Nellie Hozier sent a diablo spinning over the roofs of country houses. She brought the toy from Paris in the corner of a hat-box, and when she introduced her millinery and her aerial top to friends in Sussex, both were entirely new. That diablo, and not Mr. Winston Churchill, she avers, made her eager for further conquests of the air, and the other day she made her first upside-down flights with Mr. Hamel. She, rather than her sister, Mrs. Winston Churchill, will snap up any free seats for ladies that go begging in Admiralty aeroplanes.



TO MARRY MR. GEORGE FENWICK - OWEN TO-MORROW (26TH): MISS BETTINA RAWNSLEY.

Miss Rawnsley is the only daughter of Mr. Walter H. Rawnsley, of Gedling House, Notts. Mr. Fenwick-Owen is the only son of Lady Owen-Mackenzie, of Brentham Court, Essex.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

tion. Sir Claude Phillips, however, was not referring directly to the lady when he told his neighbour at dinner the other night—a neighbour with leanings towards militantism—that he thought the Rokeby "Venus" infinitely more valuable than a human life. "The life must come to an end in any case, but the picture, if cared for, goes on for ever," he explained. "But if you had lived in Velasquez's time, would you have valued an earlier picture or Velasquez's life the more?" was the pertinent rejoinder.

Mr. Huntingdon, of New York, who is named as the buyer of the Duke of Devonshire's Caxtons, is famous in Bond Street for a purchase he did not make. He was the mysterious figure behind the bidders for the Browning love-letters. When Sabin and Quaritch fought their battle royal, and the thousands mounted up one upon another, the room thought that two Americans were



ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE D. HANNAY: MISS IRIS SNEYD.

Miss Sneyd is the younger daughter of the late Mr. James A. Parsons Sneyd and Mrs. James Parsons Sneyd, late of 4, Harley Gardens.



ENGAGED TO MISS IRIS SNEYD: MR. GEORGE D. HANNAY.

Mr. George Daniel Hannay is the only son of Mr. James Henry Hannay, late of Lincluden, Kirkcudbrightshire.

Photo. by Lambert Weston.

in the background. As a matter of fact, one American was enough. That American was Mr. Huntingdon. His commission was in Quaritch's hands, but when he found it had been exceeded, he refused to consider the love-letters again. He made a price, but not a purchase.

An Accident in Doubles.

His Christian name was Nevill; he had "a fine place in Sussex," and "he was one of the six or seven possessors of a tennis-court—the real thing, not a pretender—in England." This is said of his hero by Robert Hugh Benson in his new book, "Initiation." And it so happens that there actually is in Sussex the owner of a fine place whose name is Neville and who is one of the six or seven possessors who play the game in their own enclosed courts. Moreover, a boy of the house in the book goes to Downside for his education, and so does the boy of the Lytton House at Three Bridges. These outer coincidences do not mean the slightest parity between the man of fact and the man of fiction, and Robert Hugh Benson himself will be surprised to learn that he has been trespassing in Sussex.

The House of Fiddles.

Chandos House was well filled for Cora Lady Strafford's party. Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck were the guests of the evening, among eighty. If there was any crowding it was because room had to be found for the Queen's Hall Orchestra, or a goodly part of it, as well as for the eighty guests; and room had to be found, too, for the sounds it made.

Sir Henry Wood, who officiated, is well content with a small audience if it be fit, but he is used to elbow-space and a sufficient allowance of violins. These he had at Chandos House, and the experiment was entirely successful.

The Counteresses. Four pairs of silk stockings at four-and-eleven was the sum that seemed impossible of solution to Lady Maidstone at one awful moment at her stall in Oxford Street. It was at such crises that the authentic shop-girl came to the rescue. "Count it as four fives, and deduct fourpence," a sympathetic onlooker had suggested, but that seemed to make the case even more desperately difficult. Any pretensions to arithmetic these charming amateurs may make at other times vanished in the excitement. But Lady Tree, for one, seemed never to make a mistake. Mrs. Hart Davies, plunging heavily in handkerchiefs, was one of her customers. She had motored straight from another sort of plunging (her first looping-the-loop) at Hendon.



TO MARRY THE DEPUTY-GOVERNOR OF WORMWOOD SCRUBS: MISS EILEEN BRISCOE, DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR.

Miss Briscoe, the elder daughter of Major A. V. Briscoe, Governor of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, is to marry the Deputy-Governor, Captain F. H. Leyland-Stevenson.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. HENRY VANE: LADY ENID FANE.

Lady Enid Fane is the elder daughter of the Earl of Westmorland, and is very popular in Society. She "came out" about two years ago, under the chaperonage of her aunt, Lady Londesborough. Mr. Vane, eldest son of Lord and Lady Barnard, was formerly a Captain in the 4th Battalion Durham Light Infantry, and was A.D.C. to Lord Amptill when he was Governor of Madras.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

White Velvet Mothers.

The impression of life which small children of the plutocracy must get is a very singular one. The pomp and stateliness which surrounds them, the gaiety and luxury of their nurseries, the abundance of food, the ponies which appear by magic, the gorgeous puffing motor-cars in which they invariably choose the seat beside the chauffeur, the pantomimes, children's plays and parties to which they go: all this must "give them to think" that Life is a fairy-tale come true. And, above all, the Mothers—the always young, graceful, and exquisitely dressed mothers—must seem, especially when, before going out to dinner and the opera, they come to give a good-night hug to the occupants of nursery cots, like creatures from another world. I know a tiny boy whose ideal material for feminine garments is white velvet. All his imaginary heroines are dressed in this sumptuous stuff, and scenes in the nursery are riotous when his feminine parent appears in white velvet, with a diamond tiara and creamy ropes of pearls. Such a "white velvet mother" must remain an abiding memory of charm and beauty and opulence. Whether all this splendour fits the child for its coming struggle with the sordid facts of life is a moot point. Many parents, remembering the somewhat harsh and drastic up-bringing to which they were themselves subjected, are determined to make things different for their own infants, so that they can at least look back to a radiantly happy childhood. Only time will show whether the "white velvet mother" or the one dressed in homely serge produces, on the whole, the adult fit to enter the arena.

Politics in Polite Society.

There is no doubt that a constrained air exists in drawing-rooms and at dinner-tables this spring, and that politics, in general society, are almost as "taboo" as religion. Feeling runs so high that people search painfully for any subject of conversation which does not touch on Home Rule, Woman's Suffrage, Marconi Committees, and similar controversial subjects. You eye your neighbour at dinner to find out, from his appearance, if he is likely to be a convinced Radical or an arch-Tory. And yet bald English gentlemen in white waistcoats are so apt to resemble other bald gentlemen, even if their opinions are violently opposed, that it passes even the craft of woman to guess which Party they may belong to. Thus, we sit and converse about our favourite vegetable, the latest play called "The Girl in the Tube," the speed of our respective motors (if we

possess one), and the great topic of where we are going for Easter. When these subjects fail, we are often reduced to silence. For you must not mention a possible rising in Ulster or a General Election, for fear of encountering the full blast of a political oration. Hostesses, indeed, are now constrained to choose carefully their guests, putting no Coalitionists and Unionists at the same mahogany. For it is a strange fact that, though Members of Parliament on both sides mix happily together in the House of Commons—being quite aware that

the Party system is very like a game of football, and should be regarded as such—the man who takes an absorbed interest in politics regards them in a serious light, and will not be hail-fellow-well-met with his opponent.

Indispensable Superfluous Women Miss Hitchcock, formerly head-mistress of the Kensington High School for Girls, made an interesting speech the other day at the Women's Institute in Victoria Street on the so-called "superfluous woman." When George Gissing drew his terrible picture of the "Odd Women" in the 'nineties of the last century, things had not progressed as they have now towards the emancipation of feminine folk. There was little opportunity for girls to start for themselves, and few "posts," particularly under Government, to which they could aspire. Nowadays, the 'superfluous woman'—often very pretty and admirably "dressed for the part"—is to be seen in editorial offices, in politicians' studies, in the City, or wherever serious business is being done. There is no doubt the Women's Institute has done great service in training first-class secretaries, accountants, and the like. They go direct from their place of training to Hospitals, Young Women's Christian Associations, or Chambers of Commerce, and Members of Parliament are always demanding these efficient



THE ELABORATION OF THE BLOUSE: SOME NEW PARIS MODELS.

Reading from left to right, the four blouses at the top are: (1) A blouse of white crêpe-de-chine with touches of old blue and a vest and collar of white muslin.—(2) A blouse of China silk spotted with red; the shoulder-pieces and revers in red silk, and the collar and front of white tulle.—(3) A white linen blouse with lace insertions, the décolleté relieved with a small gathered vest of tulle.—(4) A bright-green silk blouse, with a bolero suggested by embroideries of sequins and beads of green and black. The three in the lower row are: (1) A blouse made of white linen, under a black lace vest which is held together over the shoulders with black satin ribbons.—(2) A black lace blouse, fastened with crossed ribbons in front, over a white tulle vest, veiled with black.—(3) A blouse jacket of deep yellow silk, embroidered in green silk and trimmed with strappings of black velvet. The décolleté is finished with pleated frills of yellow Ninon.

young persons as secretaries. In short, Miss Hitchcock declared that the work of the woman who was once called "superfluous" is of inestimable help to married people with families, who have not the time to give to public work and social service. Moreover, the fuller life has broadened the outlook of women enormously, and in the rough and tumble of professional work they learn to respect other people's views, and even to change their own. As the lecturer pertinently remarked, people nowadays have to change their opinions, whereas in old days "they bought them in 'sets' like drawing-room chairs." This, perhaps, is the greatest step forward that the modern woman has really achieved.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 7.

BRAKPAN.

THE risks which naturally attend all Mining enterprises are very clearly exemplified in the vicissitudes of this Company during the last twelve months. A year ago the shares stood at 4½, and the report for 1912 held great promise of even better things in the near future. All the estimates appeared to be on the conservative side, and anticipations of dividends of 60 per cent. for 1913 did not seem excessive.

The report which has just made its appearance, however, reveals results which are distinctly inferior to those of 1912, as the following table clearly shows—

	1912.	1913.	Difference.
Tons crushed	637,523	613,269	— 24,254
Average yield per ton ..	31s. 3d.	28s. 3d.	— 3s. 0d.
Working costs per ton ..	17s. 4d.	18s. 9d.	+ 1s. 5d.
Profit per ton	13s. 11d.	9s. 6d.	— 4s. 5d.
Total Net Profit	£442,700	£305,100	— £137,600
Dividends	40 per cent.	32½ per cent.	— 7½ per cent.

Various causes are given by the consulting engineer to explain these unsatisfactory results. The labour-supply, although plentiful in the early part of the year, when operations were restricted by the caving-in of certain stopes, was abnormally deficient in the latter half of the year. The caving-in of the stopes and the necessity for vigorous development both contributed to the lower value of the average ore sent to the mill, and at the same time increased the working costs per ton.

Payable development during 1913 compared unfavourably with that achieved during the previous year, and the payable ore reserve as at Dec. 31, 1913, showed a reduction of 215,000 tons at 2,242,000 tons, but the average assay value at 6·7 dwt. remains practically unchanged.

The estimated normal yield per ton for the future is about 29s., but, as the labour position continues to be unsatisfactory, "it is improbable that this figure will be reached." No prospects are held out of any reduction in working costs, except in so far as they were affected by the caving-in of the stopes referred to above.

Thus the immediate outlook is not very promising, and much depends upon the amount of labour available. On the other hand, the fall in the quotation appears to have pretty well discounted the altered position, and we imagine a small improvement on the present quotation of 2½ is more probable than a further decline.

RUBBER.

Reports of Rubber Companies appear in such rapid succession at this time of year that it is impossible with the space at our disposal to deal fully even with the most important ones. There are, however, certain features of the reports already published which seem worth noting. The average price realised shows a very heavy reduction in every case, the figures varying from 2s. 5d. to 2s. 10d. per lb., against about 4s. 5d. for 1912. Against this, however, must be set a general and marked decrease in the cost of production, amounting in some cases to over 6d. per lb. Batu Caves and Pataling run a very close race for first place with regard to this item, "all in" costs being respectively 1s. 0·5d. and 1s. 0·79d. per lb.—figures of which the directors have reason to be proud.

Dividends have naturally suffered considerable reductions, but in most cases they have quite come up to the market's expectations, and we are glad to see a growing tendency to strengthen the Companies' financial positions instead of dividing profits up to the hilt.

Turning to the prospects for the current year, we think profits should in general be maintained, if not improved upon. The price of the raw article is now very little below the average realised last year, and, in view of a probable falling-off of some 5000 tons in the Brazilian exports, a further recovery to, say, 2s. 9d. or 2s. 10d. does not seem improbable. Working costs in many cases are capable of further reduction.

As we pointed out a week or two back, the share market has been largely manipulated of late, and its comparative firmness during the recent depression points to a bear account, so a moderate recovery here also appears very possible. But the difference between the well and ill managed estates, between those Companies with good soil and those with bad, between high costs and low costs, will become more and more apparent, and so we repeat what we have so often said before—namely, "Buy shares only in good Companies": Kuala Selangor, Patalings, and Batu Caves are among the latter.

SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER.

The accounts of this Canadian Company for 1913 are just to hand, and show a satisfactory all-round improvement in the position. Gross receipts increased by 121,200 dols. to 1,690,900 dols., whilst the net revenue at 1,473,400 dols. was 111,200 higher. Of this sum, additional Debenture and interest charges absorbed 11,400 dols. The dividend on the Common shares, it will be remembered, was raised to 6 per cent. per annum in the last quarter

only of 1912, and therefore 120,000 dols. more were required during 1913 for dividends than during the previous twelve months. Thus the increase in interest and dividend charges exceeded the increase in net revenue by about 20,000 dols.

A considerable amount of new plant will be working this year, and as there is no difficulty in disposing of power, a further expansion in earnings can be pretty confidently expected. Funds for the cost of these new developments are to be provided by the issue of 1,375,000 dols. of Common shares, which are now offered for subscription to the present shareholders, so that an additional 82,500 dols. will be required to maintain the present rate of distribution.

A year ago the shares stood at 144, and we suggested that this figure largely discounted the future. The price is now 140, but, even so, the yield is not particularly attractive.

On the other hand, the Company is one of the best managed Industrial concerns in Canada, and is very closely connected with the Montreal Light, Heat, and Power Company, in which it holds 1,000,000 dols. stock. The connection is so close, in fact, that there is a strong probability that the two concerns will eventually become even more intimately related.

THE PEOPLE'S TRUST COMPANY.

The prospectus of this Company marks quite a new development in serious finance—and one which will, we believe, have to be extended before very long.

Up to the present the savings of the working and industrial classes have been only indirectly invested in securities. The man with £20 or £30, or even £100, saved has little or no inducement to invest it on the Stock Exchange. He probably knows little of the necessary formalities, and nothing of brokers except the bucket-shop variety. The result is that the latter absorb a proportion of the savings of these classes, and the rest goes either into the Post Office Savings Bank at 2½ per cent. or is utilised to purchase small house property.

The strength of the Board of "The People's Trust Company" is as good a guarantee of success as it is possible to get for such an enterprise—in fact, we are inclined to think the richer classes will appreciate the attractions to even greater extent than those for whom the Debentures are primarily intended; but this has probably been foreseen, and no doubt the Banks concerned will make serious efforts to push them in the required direction. Although it is probably a wise provision in view of the class for whom the Debentures are intended, we are rather sorry to see that interest is to be paid "free of income tax." The more widely the heavy hand of the tax-gatherer is felt, the less likely is any further increase to be popular.

The Debentures are undoubtedly a very sound security.

RANDOM NOTES.

In common with other Brazilian securities, the shares of the San Paulo Railway Company have been rather out of favour with investors of late, and the decrease of about £44,000 in published traffics during the last half-year has done nothing to help matters. Judging from the figures given with the dividend announcement, the net revenue is about £62,600 down. The financial position is so strong, however, that the maintenance of the dividend at 7 per cent. can occasion no surprise. The appropriation to reserves is £100,000 against £200,000 last year, but the carry-forward is increased from £281,000 to £335,000. At 225 cum dividend, the stock offers an exceptionally high yield, and we think a purchase at this figure should prove very profitable.

* * * * *

Rio Tinto had a very difficult time in 1913. The output was greatly reduced owing to severe labour troubles and other causes, and the directors had also to contend with a drop in the price of copper. Under these circumstances, the final dividend of 35s. per share, making in all 75s. for the twelve months, against 90s. during 1912, must be considered very satisfactory. The price of copper does not seem likely to go much lower, and the labour position is believed to be improving, so the outlook for the current year is not at all bad. The shares, however, hold little attraction at their present price for the ordinary investor.

* * * * *

For the last ten years the dividend on Bank of England stock has been at the regular rate of 9 per cent. per annum, paid free of tax. There was nothing abnormal in the figures at the end of the Bank's last half-year, and so the Directors' decision to increase the distribution came as a complete surprise to everyone. At the same time, it has been decided to come into line with the Joint Stock Banks and pay the dividend "less tax," so the actual increase per cent. to holders will not be 41 per cent., but 8s. 4d. On this basis, the stock at 250 is an attractive Trustee investment, yielding as it does about £4 2s. 6d. per cent.

* * * * *

Writing on Brazilian affairs last week, we pointed out the probability of gold exports to Europe, and we now learn that something like half-a-million in gold has already left Brazil for the Continent, in addition to still larger amounts for the Argentine. Everything points to further shipments in the near future.

[Continued on page 388.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Rainbow Locks. Variegated hair has been exploited in fashionable society in Paris and in London. The Duchesse d'Uzès gave a dance in the French capital for her daughter, at which all the young women, and some of the older ones, wore wigs all the colours of the rainbow. The Duchess herself wore a steel-blue one, and her daughter chose violet locks. The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel has also given a dinner and dance for her daughter, at which coloured wigs were exploited. The hostess wore a red-purple one with a black aigrette, and many of differing hues were worn by her guests. Hairdressers would be the only people to profit by the adoption of such a fashion. The wigs and transformations, to be at all becoming, must be of the best and most carefully dyed hair, and are consequently expensive. A boom in the

hair-workers' trade would be no bad thing, as, for the past two or three seasons, coiffures have been very little considered. Hair has been arranged very carelessly. There seems to be little hope for the coloured-hair craze, however, for men greatly dislike it. They prefer their women-kind as they know them, and a pink wig seems as undesirable a disguise as a gilded countenance! Coloured hair has also found favour in artistic circles, for at the Chelsea Arts Ball and the Artists' Revel variegated coiffures were worn by both sexes. These were not, however, of the twenty guineas each variety!



THE BRIDE OF A RECENT NOTABLE ANGLO-GERMAN WEDDING PRESENTED AT COURT: THE HON. MRS. JOHN MITFORD.

It will be recalled that the wedding of Mr. John Mitford, son of Lord Redesdale, and Fräulein Friedländer-Fuld, daughter of a famous German banker, was a great social event in Berlin. Mrs. John Mitford was presented at Court on the 13th by Lady Redesdale.

Photograph by Lafayette.

possibility. Soft and white, and with nails properly attended to, every woman's hands should be charming. "Ess Viotto," one of Courvoisier's fine preparations, will do the whitening and softening most efficiently; it costs only 1s., 2s., or 3s. a bottle, and can be had at chemists or stores, or post free from H. Bromley and Co., Acton Vale, London, W.

A Multitude of Charities. I don't know about our sins, but there are a multitude of charities ready to cover them. Last week all our own royalties and Queen Amélie were opening or attending functions for helping good causes. Queen Amélie opened the Royal Irish Industries Exhibition and Sale, and how those Irish ladies do work for the success of their undertaking! It is to help the cottagers to add to their little weekly wage by doing work at home. They are well taught and well paid, and the work is usually of such a nature as to require home cleanliness and neatness. It is for all, whether Nationalists or Unionists, whether Catholics or Protestants, and it has proved a real



THE BRUSH AS AN EQUINE EAR-RING: A QUAINLY ORNAMENTED HORSE AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE. The lady driving is Miss M. Hartopp, and her companion, Mrs. J. F. Laycock. They were going to a meet of the Cottesmore at Langham, Rutland. One brush is that of a vixen, the other is that of a dog-fox.

Photograph by Barrett.

blessing to Ireland. The Duchess of Abercorn is a steady worker for it; to the Marchioness of Londonderry its debt of gratitude is heavy; the Countess of Bessborough's Garryhill industries are everything to her (for years she has secured large orders for her peasant workers),



AN "ARTISTIC" WEDDING: MR. EDWARD EASTLAKE LEADER AND MISS MARGARET TOPHAM, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Mr. E. L. Leader, of the Inner Temple, is the younger son of Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., of Burrows Cross, Gomshall, Surrey. Miss Topham is a daughter of Mr. F. W. W. Topham, R.L., of Coneyhurst, Ewhurst. Her mother is a daughter of Mark Lemon, the famous editor of "Punch."—[Photographs by Swaine.]

the Countess of Erne, the Countess of Mayo, the Marchioness of Waterford—year after year they, and many other ladies, work steadily and well to help their poorer neighbours to help themselves. Lady Naylor Leyland's fine house was a beautiful environment for the good work, and it was as ever noticeable that the Irish ladies are very good to look at and prove persuasive saleswomen.

A Very Expensive Side-Glance.

A side-glance properly manipulated is the very last word in fascination. Nature has accorded it to but a limited number of women, but now surgery is said to be willing and able to supply it at a price—in money and in pluck. It is said that Parisian beauties are going in rather extensively for having their eyelids slit, and then,



COMPARING THE SILENCE OF THE SPHINX WITH THAT OF A NAPIER CAR? MR. H. T. VANE ON AN UNFAMILIAR "BODY."

Mr. H. T. Vane is the General Manager of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., the well-known motor-car manufacturers, of New Burlington Street. He has just returned from Egypt.

day after day, as the wound is healing, having the lids drawn back. Of course, noses can be improved and upper lips curled by surgical aid, but the eyelid-slitting is more painful and more risky.

A Velvety Skin Is always a desirable thing in a woman. At this time of year it is not easy to keep velvety as to skin unless the poor skin has help. What will succeed is the use of Pond's Vanishing Cream, which purifies the pores and replenishes the oil-glands. It is quite certain in its action of removing blotches, impurities, and all blemishes; also, it is not necessary to massage it in. Applied gently with the fingertips, it is at once absorbed, vanishing from sight, leaving only a delicate breath of Jacqueminot rose. The proprietors will forward a sample if a penny stamp for postage be sent to Pond's Extract Co., 71, Southampton Row, W.C.



AN ALDERMAN OF THE L.C.C. AT MONTE CARLO: SIR HERBERT AND LADY PARSONS.

Sir Herbert Parsons, who was knighted in 1912, is one of the principals of Messrs. Ashton and Parsons, wholesale chemists, and a Director of Messrs. Dollond, the Government opticians. Lady Parsons, whom he married in 1897, was Miss Gertrude Timothy.

Continued from page 386.]

The weather conditions in Cuba continue to be encouraging, and although it is not a climate in which it is safe to "count the tons before they're carried," the sugar crop promises to be exceedingly heavy. The traffics to date of the United of Havana and the Western of Havana Companies show increases of £10,817 and £7382 respectively, which must be considered satisfactory, and the bulk of the sugar remains to be carried between now and June. The Cuban Central reports a decrease in aggregate receipts to date, but, as the crop is carried later in the district served by this Railway, we expect to see an improvement between now and the end of the Company's year in June. The low price of sugar may affect the general prosperity of the island—and indirectly, therefore, the Railway receipts—but we can see no justification whatever for the rather bearish sentiment which has recently been apparent in this market.

An announcement of the Great Cobar reconstruction scheme is expected shortly, and we understand that the directors have decided that an assessment on the Ordinary shares is essential. The Debenture-holders will be asked to make considerable sacrifice, but the Ordinary shareholders will, of course, have to bear the brunt of the troubles. We believe it will be found that the £5 shares are to be reduced to a par value of 25s., of which 15s. will be credited as paid up. We fear the shareholders have little choice in the matter.

A dividend on Cammell, Laird, and Co. Ordinary shares! True, it is but 2s. 6d. per £5 share, but even this is better than nothing, which has been the shareholders' lot for the last five weary years. And £50,000 has been transferred to reserve! Will wonders never cease? The report has not yet been issued, so we are unable to gauge the full extent of the recovery in profits; but whatever they are, they are very welcome. The Company's record is not a good one, and both reserves and depreciation have been so woefully neglected in the past that we cannot possibly recommend either the Ordinary or the Preference.

The heavy rains which have been so prevalent in the Argentine are causing a little uneasiness as to the effect on the maize, especially in the northern districts, where the crop is already being harvested. Unless fine weather sets in it may become necessary to revise estimates of this crop, which promised to create a record. The Argentinian Government Loan for ten millions is confirmed, and it will be issued by Barings. There is no doubt that this will help to keep matters straight in that part of the world.

GREATER OMNIBUS SERVICES, LTD.

THE Managing Director, Mr. Stuart A. Curzon, presiding, an extra-ordinary General Meeting of the Greater Omnibus Services, Ltd., was held last week, that there might be considered an offer received from the contractors (General Omnibus Supply, Ltd.) and the Premier Omnibus Company, Ltd., with a view to the amalgamation of the Company with the Premier Company. The Chairman read a circular which had been sent to the shareholders. In this the Directors pointed out that, if amalgamated, the Company would run its own omnibuses in London and to and from London on the various provincial routes, and went on to state that the proposal was that the Company should, by the amalgamation mentioned, be merged into a legally authorised London Omnibus Company, having its own omnibuses now running on the London streets and with full traffic rights in London to ply for hire in manner precisely similar to the London General. It had taken the Premier Omnibus Company over a year to get into this desirable position, they said, and it had been a strenuous and expensive task to make those changes and improvements in the various omnibus chassis which were necessary if they were to conform with the alterations and requirements of the police and licensing authorities in London. "This important step," continued the circular, "for many reasons, appeals to those of your directors who for many years have been acquainted with the inner working of the London omnibus traffic. From their long experience of the subject they are in a position to advise the Company to accept without any hesitation this proposal. Sufficient advantages are quite evident and will obviously appeal to all our shareholders and to anyone having the least knowledge of the subject." Naming these advantages, they said, for example, "Seeing that this Company is now engaged in contracting and taking over lines of traffic in various towns, some of which are near London, it would obviously be a great advantage to link up these routes with London itself." And: "Quite apart from the considerations of the desirability of becoming a London Omnibus Company, comes the fact that, having our routes from provincial towns joined up to London, an opening for another class of traffic arises—namely, London parcels, luggage, and goods of every description—to be added to our passenger business." The Chairman having spoken in support of the circular, the resolution was moved and seconded. Briefly, as said in the circular, the proposal was to exchange a fully paid £1 share in the Greater Omnibus Services Company for a fully paid £1 share in the London Company, and for one fully paid 1s. share in the former Company one fully paid 1s. share in the latter. The resolution was carried, with twelve dissentients, the Chairman remarking that 140,000 proxy votes had been received in favour of the resolution.

In view of various statements which have been made as to popular feeling in Rhodesia, it is interesting to read that candidates in favour of a continuance of Charter Government have been returned in Salisbury and Bulawayo North and South.

Saturday, March 21, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CAMPBELLTOWN.—"Q" says: (1) New Maquina is due to start in June. (2) Cost has only been partly provided for out of profits. (3) He thinks the shares should be worth from £5 to £6, when new plant is completed, if price of Nitrate remains at about present figure.

ASHLEY.—(B) A very long shot, but the shares should eventually be worth more. (O) A reasonable speculation. (P) Does not seem to offer much prospect.

DAGE.—The shares are fully paid. The people behind the Company are first class, and the shares are a reasonable speculation, if you are prepared to wait a few years. Latest dealing price, 16s.

VERSON.—We have not been able to get any really reliable information upon either of the Companies you mention.

N. R. (Bradford) and H. H. (Dublin).—We have replied through the post.

C. W. (Croydon).—(1) Should go higher. (2) Under the circumstances, you must hold for a recovery. (3) Uncertain.

E. W. (Weston).—(1) We do not advise; and (4) has disappointed too often in the past. The others are both good, but we certainly prefer (2). Whether you will get a profit within three months depends so much upon market conditions and the labour position that we hesitate to prophesy.

P. E. J.—In our opinion, the shares have gone rather lower than the position warrants, and dividends should be resumed in, say, twelve months' time. Much depends on the price of the metal. In regard to the other point in your letter, the only criticism we have to make is that some people on the other side always seem to have more information than the shareholders.

MERSEY.—The official quotation is $\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{8}$, which means you would probably get something between 18s. 9d. and 20s. if you wanted to sell. We know of no reason for doing so at present.

SPERO.—A gilt-edged investment, but the interest is payable in rupees or their equivalent, taking the rupee at 1s. 4d., which reduces the yield to about 3½ on the money invested. On £500 you would therefore only receive about £18 per annum. We suggest that you divide the money between New York Telephone First Mortgage 4½ per Cent. Bonds at about 100½ and Great Northern 4 per Cent. Preferred at 86½.

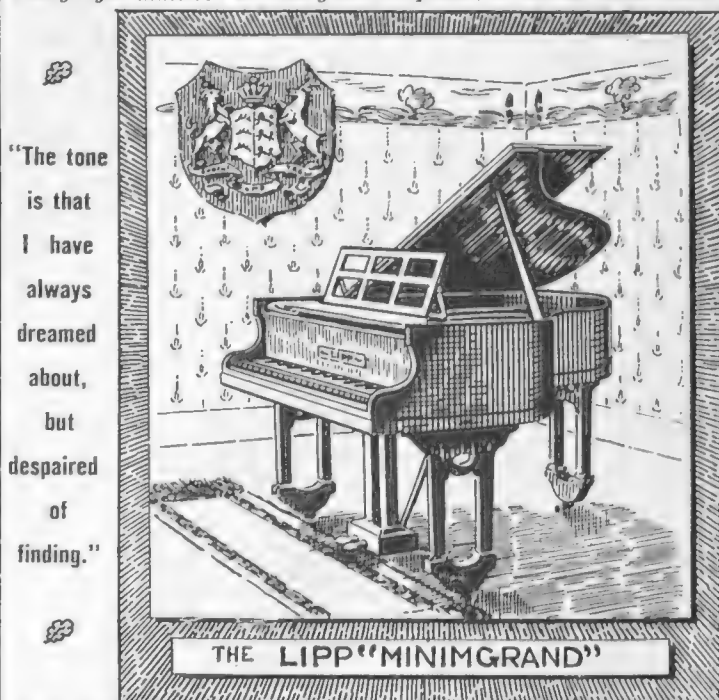
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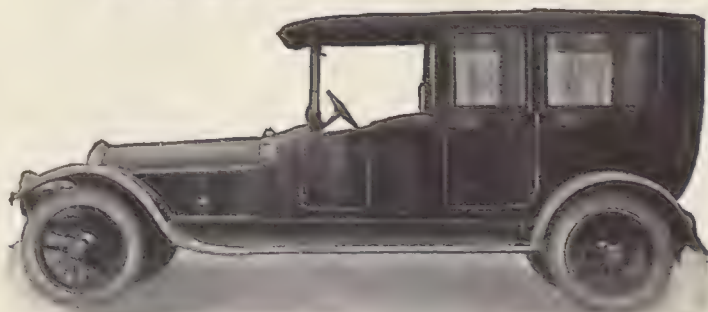


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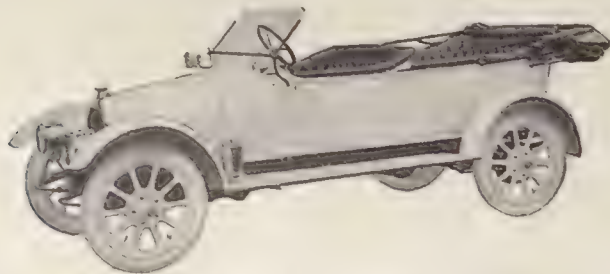
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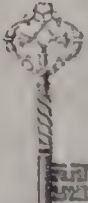
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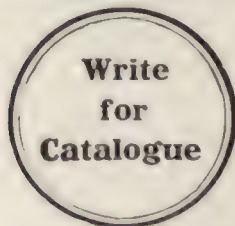
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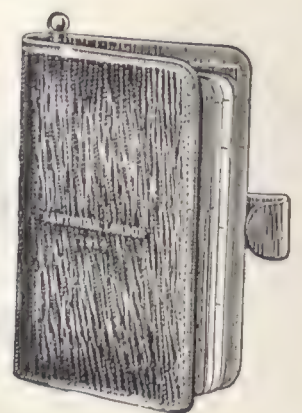
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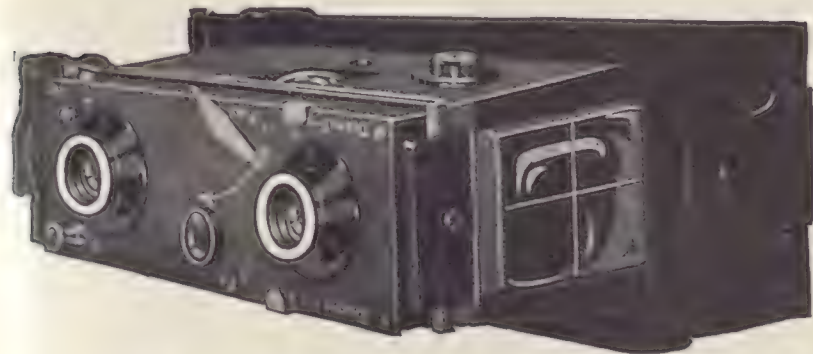
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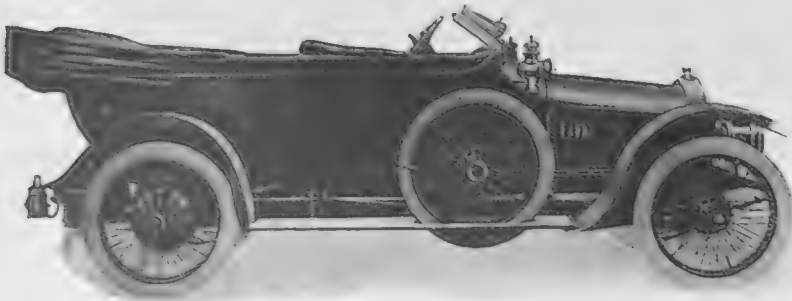
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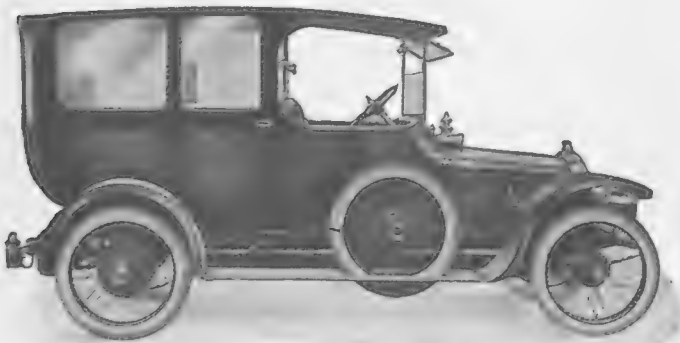
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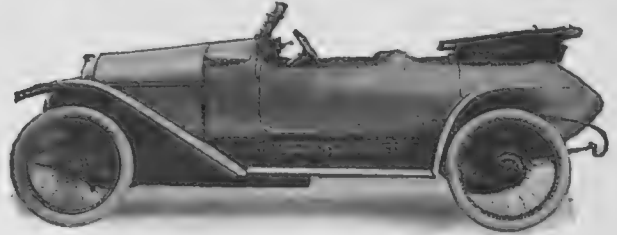
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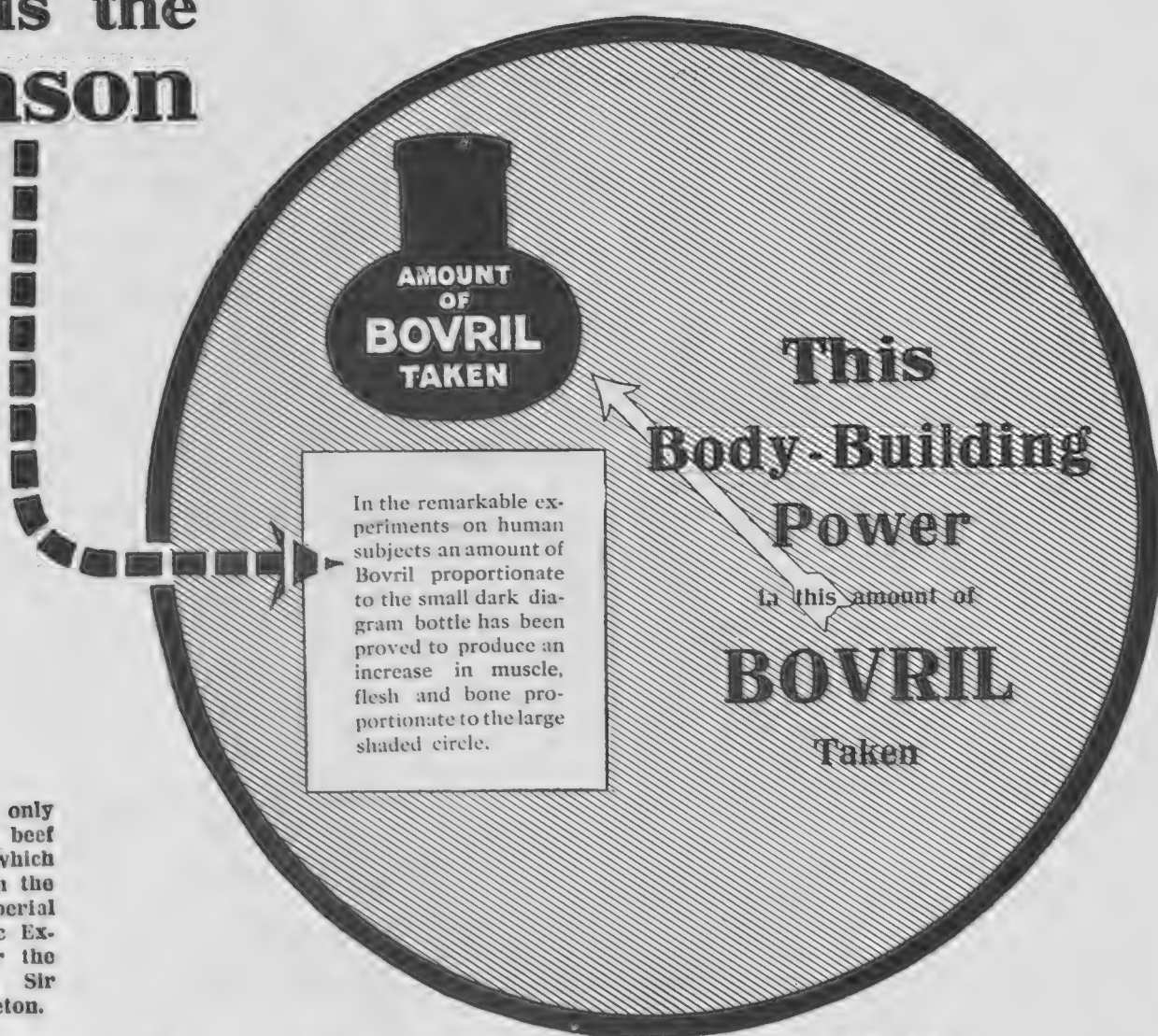
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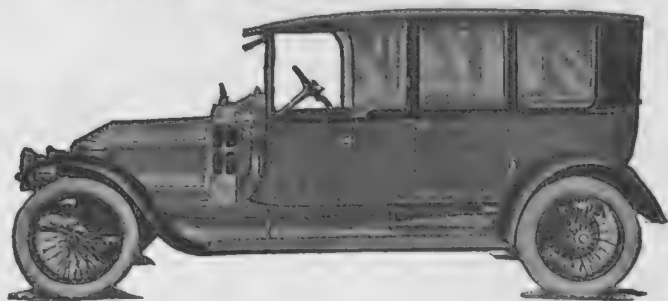
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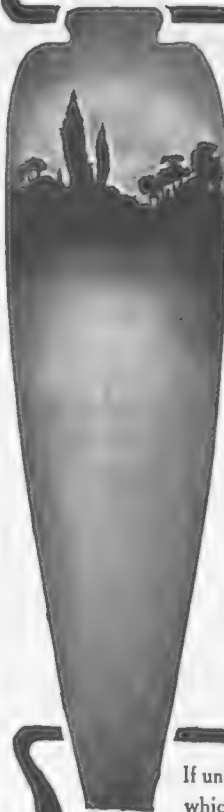
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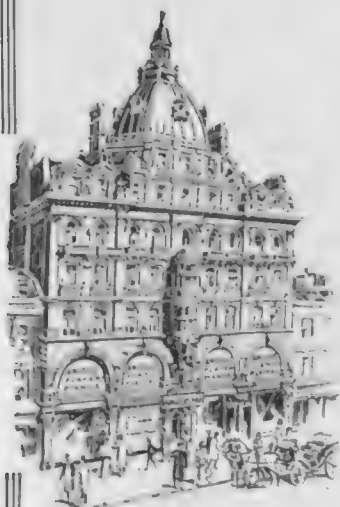
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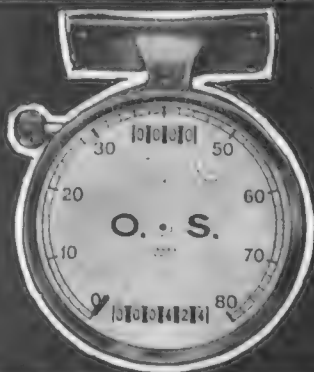
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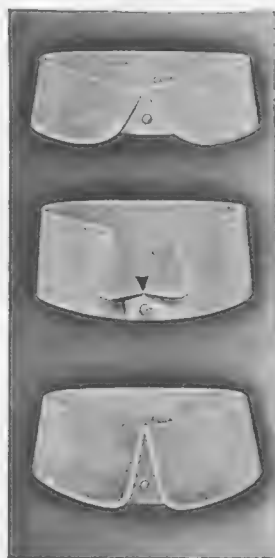
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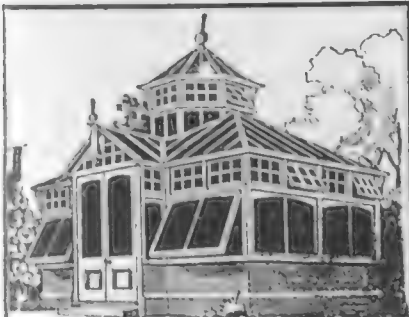
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE REST CURE," at the Vaudeville, is quite funny. It describes in a farcical way the misery of a nursing-home to an irritable patient, and suggests—unintentionally, no doubt—the possibility of an awful little comedy in the serious treatment of the theme, for some of us know that, although Sarah Gamp and Betsy Prig are dead—yet still living—some of the young ladies in becoming uniforms who play the part of hospital nurse cause much suffering by stupidity, negligence, even ill-temper. However, Miss G. E. Jennings treats the matter gaily, and is content to show us a *malade imaginaire*, an author who comes to a home for a rest cure, although there is nothing the matter with him but fidgetiness and an almost hysterical dislike of noise and trifling discomfort. The nursing-home is situated in a noisy street, and his first night is ruined by the clatter of cars that pass, so his room is changed, and he goes through a collection of minor miseries caused by a parrot that whistles, a woman who sings, a gloomy nurse full of anecdotes about awful cases, and impressed by the fact that his room has always been "unlucky"; by another nurse, supercilious and inattentive, except to the looking-glass; and by a little housemaid who can do nothing quietly and has a great flow of conversation. However, the housemaid is really an angel in disguise: she talks about her observation of patients, and when he makes a row because his dinner is boiled mutton and suet-pudding, tells him bluntly that he is one of the sham patients who ought to be in their own home, and she assists him in his flight from this home of horrors. Her part was played very brightly by Miss Phyllis Stuckey. Mr. Otho Stuart acted quite admirably in the part of the irritable author; and the nurses were presented cleverly by Miss Mary Clare and Miss Dora Gregory.

Mr. Sutro's play, "The Two Virtues," has been shortened, and is now played more briskly than at first, consequently it goes brightly enough and may be regarded as a fairly entertaining piece of comedy, even if by no means fulfilling the hopes at one time entertained by some people concerning Mr. Sutro's future as a dramatist. The play is now preceded by Max Beerbohm's piece, "A Social Success," in which Sir George Alexander some time ago made his debut in the Halls. It is rather noteworthy, by the way, how little has been the favour accorded by the Variety theatres to the fashionable players who have sought their suffrage. Mr. Max Beerbohm's play is quite funny, even if one feels that it ought to

be funnier still; one laughs at the mere idea of a fashionable young gentleman getting so bored by his popularity that he causes himself to be found out cheating at cards, imagining that all his friends will fly from him as though he had the plague. And lo! they love him so well that after the first shock of horror at his awful crime, they begin to find excuses for him and flock round him with entertainments and offers of marriage. Some lack of technical skill makes the comedietta, despite the author's genuine wit, fail to have quite its full effect. Still, it is good enough for a hearty laugh. Mr. Reginald Owen plays the hero's part cleverly; and there are useful performances by Miss Muriel Barnby and Mr. Vivian Reynolds.

Drury Lane is in luck. She was able to revive her pantomime (with amendments) and, following that, she presents again her autumn drama, which, judging by its reception, seems likely to run as long as other arrangements will permit. No wonder. The authors are clever people who know very well what the public wants, and don't anguish themselves by efforts to make it want something else. They know exactly how to mix the thrilling and the comic, to combine the romantic with the actual, and to seem quite modern to their patrons, although, to the critical in drama, ages behind the times. The scoffer may say there is drama, and also there is Drury Lane drama; but the laugh is with the "Lane," although the observer notices that each year—except, of course, in the case of a revival—a little advance is made. This year the advance is manifest in the scene of the burglary and the umbrella—one of the best pieces of drama given under the present management. If you want to know what it is all about, go to the Theatre Royal, for the journalist lacks space for two long notices. There you will see a lot of clever people presenting the exciting story as if they really believed in it, which is quite the right spirit.

Sound moral lessons and sympathy with the poor as portrayed by Mr. G. R. Sims seem to be what are wanted at the Aldwych rather than the excitements of "The Queen's Champion," so, after a surprisingly short run of this latter play, the theatre has returned to "The Ever-Open Door," with its distressed and persecuted infants, and its East End Mission, and its most melodramatically drawn picture of the way the poor of London are rescued from the depths. Those who have tears to shed have but a short time in which to shed them, as the revival was announced as intended to last only three weeks. The company is as it was—Miss Hilda Spong the patient Lady Dereham, Mr. Frederick Victor as Father Clement, and Miss Ruth Bidwell as the spirited little Robbie, and all are excellent.



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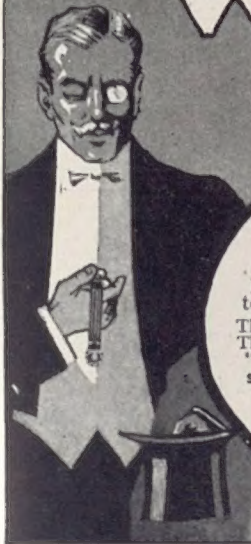
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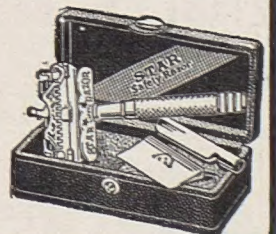
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with The New Full Blues of Oxford; The Appeal for the Blind; Leaving Yourself at Your Tailor's; Miss Ethel Levey; Our Fancy-Dress Competition; Miss Marie Tempest; New Dresses; Nijinsky; Miss Ina Clare; A Prima-Ballerina on Skates; The Oxford and Cambridge Crews Caricatured.

62
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AWARDS IN
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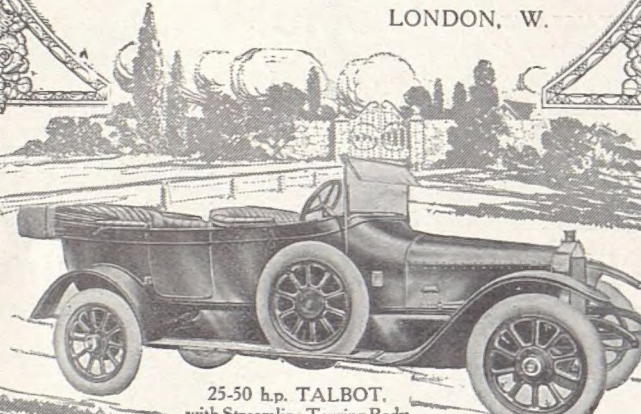
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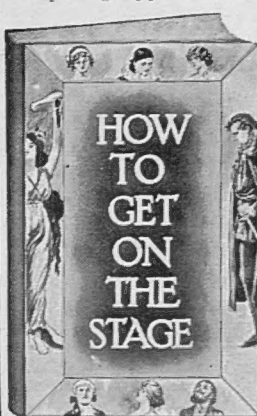
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BOAT RACE GOSSIP.

THE great Derby of the Thames is the Cleopatra of the national sporting world; time cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. Unconsciously the Race keeps itself up to date, reflecting more or less strikingly the tide of passing life. Every year brings us some new feature which more and more challenges public interest. It was only the other year that Old Blues were thundering against men interested in the race writing for papers published simultaneously with those to whose columns they themselves were contributing. And a more dreadful thing happened; the Oxford eight actually went out at ten o'clock in the morning and rowed a trial of which notice had not been given either to the Press or to the literary Old Blues aforesaid. This year we have had no complaints as to the literary productions of the men engaged, but something more startling than ever has happened. Oxford rowed home in the dark, while Cambridge rowed a trial at midnight!

Last year we had the exciting prospect of Suffragettes casting themselves upon the fluid bosom of Father Thames to the intent that Votes for Women might be achieved and the 'Varsity eights embarrassed. The impending race has given us no warning of anything of the sort. But in these days of incendiary petticoat emotion it is unsafe to consider the boats and their houses safe until the race is over. Last year, it will be remembered, when the race had been rowed without the threatened interruption, a lady with a genius for arson burnt Rough's boat-house, destroying not only the seasoned timber of which this year's Dark Blue boat should have been built, but consuming all his tools and models, "probably," as the Oxford President wrote at the time, "probably shortening the life of an honest tradesman whose political opinions can scarcely be known to them, and whose individual suffering is out of all proportion to any inconvenience that the outrage may have caused to the community."

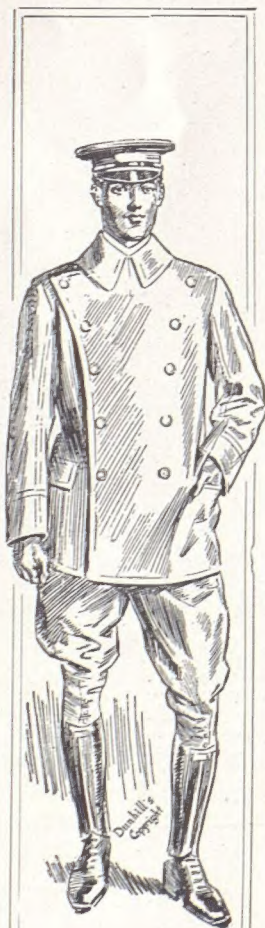
Many careful annalists have given us the result of their investigations as to the trend of life which Old Blues will follow. It is surprising, seeing that it is rather expected that the two crews and their friends will paint the town red on the night of the race, how many of these "young barbarians," as they are apt to be termed by vegetarian and non-athletic bodies, enter the Church. When the Jubilee race was rowed an analysis revealed that, to that point, 243 different men had rowed for Oxford, and for Cambridge, 242. Of Oxford's 243 no fewer than 108 became clergymen, while Cambridge gave to the Church four score of her rowing giants. Since

then the proportion has little altered. But the Law has also asserted her right to be included in the honours' list, and very worthy names are included in her schedule, such as Chitty, Esher, Denman, and Macnaghten. And it is doubtful if Church, Bar, or any other walk has ever received a better stroke than Mr. Justice Chitty. Foreign Diplomacy has received from Cambridge a famous Ambassador in W. H. Waddington, who, after his days on the Cam were ended, skilfully represented France at the Court of St. James's.

There is no stiffer definition of "amateur" than in rowing circles, as foreign competitors have been rightly taught. A good deal of money changes hands in the form of wagers upon the result; but though the matter of money is not of the Race, yet it is in it. Come to think of it, there is relatively no more costly event in the world than the 'Varsity Boat Race. Prices have risen in many respects, even with regard to the Race, since any systematic attempt was last made to set down the story in figures. But when the price was last calculated it worked out at £60 per minute of the actual race. The totals do not compare, of course, with those of racing, football, cricket, and golf, but standing by itself, the Boat Race has an unequalled record on the score of expensiveness.

The boats, when this calculation was worked out, cost £50 apiece, the oars £14. The remainder of the £1200 total goes in the necessary outlay extending from October to March. The aggregate seems small enough in these days of heavy expenditure on sport. But the race lasts only twenty minutes or so, and when you work it out, you find that the money expended represents about £1 12s. 6d. for every dip of the oars into the water.

We have had fouls, we have had swamped boats with the race re-rowed, but we have had only one dead heat. As to that race a curious story came out only last year from the lips of William East, the veteran father of the King's Bargemaster. East witnessed the race, being in the boat which carried the Umpire. The latter, with East and an old Oxford Blue, all thought that Oxford had won by the length of the canvas. But the judge was that "old Phelps" who officiated for the last time in such capacity for the event. Immediately the race finished, Phelps pulled across to the Press boat and gave the result a dead-heat. Catching hold of a rope from a steamer, he then had himself swiftly hauled downstream. The Press sent forth his result far and near, but the Umpire had not given his decision. The Judge was missing, and it was not until late at night that he could be found. It was too late to repair the injustice, if such it were. The result stands as a dead-heat, the only dead-heat, and it was quite possibly a wrong verdict at that.



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